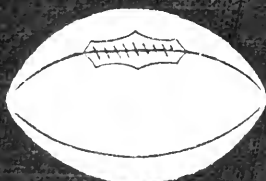


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STORIES
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STORIES OF THE COLLEGES

*BEING TALES OF LIFE
AT THE GREAT AMERI-
CAN UNIVERSITIES TOLD
BY NOTED GRADUATES*



PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
M C M I

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NOTE

THERE have been books of college stories—stories of individual colleges. The present volume is something different. Here is a story from each of the great American Universities told by an alumnus who already has a place in the literature of his country.

And college life itself! Was there ever a subject which quickened the pen to livelier movement? Your college colors, your college yell! Did ever other sights and sounds make your pulses leap as they? No, nor are they likely to as long as men strive on field and flood, and campus and class-room bring them shoulder to shoulder. Whatever it is that wraps itself about the old college and steals into the hearts of her children, it is potent to bring the oldest “grad” and the youngest freshman roaring to their feet together when “the boys” have shown their mettle.

NOTE

The nine stories in this volume come from as many men with recollections of these things,—men whose hand-grip for one who wears the college colors is as hearty now as in the days when they donned gown or jersey. The stories themselves are as distinct in character and scene as are the men and surroundings of the colleges they represent.

The stories have been arranged in the order of the dates of the charters of the colleges to which they refer. Together they range the breadth of American University life.

Of the spirit which guided the writers, let Mr. Wister speak for his fellows. “When a middle-aged graduate,” he says, “looks back at his various classmates, and compares their promise at twenty with their fulfilment at forty, he remembers that the boy is father to the man—but he sees this old truth in several new lights.”

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By JAMES WEBER LINN

HARVARD

PHILOSOPHY

4

I.

TWO frowning boys sat in their tennis flannels beneath the glare of lamp and gas. Their leather belts were loosened, their soft pink shirts unbuttoned at the collar. They were listening with gloomy voracity to the instruction of a third. They sat at a table bared of its customary sporting ornaments, and from time to time they questioned, sucked their pencils, and scrawled vigorous, laconic notes. Their necks and faces shone with the bloom of out-of-doors. Studious concentration was evidently a painful novelty to their features. Drops of perspiration came one by one from their matted hair, and their hands dampened the paper upon which they wrote. The windows stood open wide to the May darkness, but nothing came in save heat

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and insects; for spring, being behind time, was making up with a sultry burst at the end, as a delayed train makes the last few miles high above schedule speed. Thus it had been since eight o'clock. Eleven was daintily striking now. Its diminutive sonority might have belonged to some church-bell far distant across the Cambridge silence; but it was on a shelf in the room,—a timepiece of Gallic design, representing Mephistopheles, who caressed the world in his lap. And as the little strokes boomed, eight—nine—ten—eleven, the voice of the instructor steadily continued thus:

“By starting from the Absolute Intelligence, the chief cravings of the reason, after unity and spirituality, receive due satisfaction. Something transcending the Objective becomes possible. In the *Cogito* the relation of subject and object is implied as the primary condition of all knowledge. Now, Plato never——”

“Skip Plato,” interrupted one of the boys. “You gave us his points yesterday.”

“Yep,” assented the other, rattling through

the back pages of his notes. "Got Plato down cold somewhere,—oh, here. He never caught on to the subjective, any more than the other Greek bucks. Go on to the next chappie."

"If you gentlemen have mastered the—the Grreek bucks," observed the instructor with sleek intonation, "we——"

"Yep," said the second tennis boy, running a rapid judicial eye over his back notes, "you've put us on to their curves enough. Go on."

The instructor turned a few pages forward in the thick book of his own neat type-written notes and then resumed,—

"The self-knowledge of matter in motion."

"Skip it," put in the first tennis boy.

"We went to those lectures ourselves," explained the second, whirling through another dishevelled note-book. "Oh, yes. Hobbes and his gang. There is only one substance, matter, but it doesn't strictly exist. Bodies exist. We've got Hobbes. Go on."

The instructor went forward a few pages more in his exhaustive volume. He had at-

tended all the lectures but three throughout the year, taking them down in short-hand. Laryngitis had kept him from those three, to which, however, he had sent a stenographic friend, so that the chain was unbroken. He now took up the next philosopher on the list; but his smooth discourse was, after a short while, rudely shaken. It was the second tennis boy questioning severely the doctrines imparted.

“So he says color is all your eye, and shape isn’t? and substance isn’t?”

“Do you mean he claims,” said the first boy, equally resentful, “that if we were all extinguished the world would still be here, only there’d be no difference between blue and pink, for instance?”

“The reason is clear,” responded the tutor blandly. He adjusted his eye-glasses, placed their elastic cord behind his ear, and referred to his notes. “It is human sight that distinguishes between colors. If human sight be eliminated from the universe, nothing remains to make the distinction, and consequently there will be

none. Thus also is it with sounds. If the universe contains no ear to hear the sound, the sound has no existence."

"Why?" said both the tennis boys at once.

The tutor smiled. "Is it not clear," said he, "that there can be no sound if it is not heard?"

"No," they both returned, "not in the least clear."

"It's clear enough what he's driving at, of course," pursued the first boy. "Until the waves of sound or light or what not hit us through our senses, our brains don't experience the sensations of sound or light or what not, and so, of course, we can't know about them—not until they reach us."

"Precisely," said the tutor. He had a suave and slightly alien accent.

"Well, just tell me how that proves a thunder-storm in a desert island makes no noise."

"If a thing is inaudible——" began the tutor.

"That's mere juggling!" vociferated the boy. "That's merely the same kind of toy-shop brain-trick you gave us out of Greek philosophy yes—

terday. They said there was no such thing as motion because at every instant of time the moving body had to be somewhere, so how could it get anywhere else? Good Lord! I can make up foolishness like that myself. For instance: A moving body can never stop. Why? Why, because at every instant of time it must be going at a certain rate, so how can it ever get slower? Pooh!" He stopped. He had been gesticulating with one hand, which he now jammed wrathfully into his pocket.

The tutor must have derived great pleasure from his own smile, for he prolonged and deepened and variously modified it, while his shiny little calculating eyes travelled from one to the other of his ruddy scholars. He coughed, consulted his notes, and went through all the paces of superiority. "I can find nothing about a body's being unable to stop," said he gently. "If logic makes no appeal to you, gentlemen——"

"Oh, bunch!" exclaimed the second tennis boy in the slang of his period, which was the

early eighties. "Look here. Color has no existence outside of our brain—that's the idea?"

The tutor bowed.

"And sound hasn't? and smell hasn't? and taste hasn't?"

The tutor had repeated his little bow after each.

"And that's because they depend on our senses? Very well. But he claims solidity and shape and distance do exist independently of us. If we all died, they'd be here just the same, though the others wouldn't. A flower would go on growing, but it would stop smelling. Very well. Now you tell me how we ascertain solidity. By the touch, don't we? Then, if there was nobody to touch an object, what then? Seems to me touch is just as much of a sense as your nose is." (He meant no personality, but the first boy choked a giggle as the speaker hotly followed up his thought.) "Seems to me by his reasoning that in a desert island there'd be nothing at all—smells or shapes—not even an island. Seems to me that's what you call logic."

PHILOSOPHY 4

The tutor directed his smile at the open window. "Berkeley——" said he.

"By Jove!" said the other boy, not heeding him, "and here's another point: If color is entirely in my brain, why don't that ink-bottle and this shirt look alike to me? They ought to. And why don't a Martini cocktail and a cup of coffee taste the same to my tongue?"

"Berkeley," attempted the tutor, "demonstrates——"

"Do you mean to say," the boy rushed on, "that there is no external quality in all these things which when it meets my perceptions compels me to see differences?"

The tutor surveyed his notes. "I can discover no such suggestions here as you are pleased to make," said he. "But your orriginal rresearches," he continued most obsequiously, "recall our next subject,—Berkeley and the Idealists." And he smoothed out his notes.

"Let's see," said the second boy, pondering; "I went to two or three lectures about that time. Berkeley—Berkeley. Didn't he—oh, yes! he

did. He went the whole hog. Nothing's anywhere except in your ideas. You think the table's there, but it isn't. There isn't any table."

The first boy slapped his leg and lighted a cigarette. "I remember," said he. "Amounts to this: If I were to stop thinking about you, you'd evaporate."

"Which is balls," observed the second boy judicially, again in the slang of his period, "and can be proved so. For you're not always thinking about me, and I've never evaporated once."

The first boy, after a slight wink at the second, addressed the tutor. "Supposing you were to happen to forget yourself," said he to that sleek gentleman, "would you evaporate?"

The tutor turned his little eyes doubtfully upon the tennis boys, but answered, reciting the language of his notes: "The idealistic theory does not apply to the thinking ego, but to the world of external phenomena. The world exists in our conception of it."

"Then," said the second boy, "when a thing is inconceivable?"

"It has no existence," replied the tutor complacently.

"But a billion dollars is inconceivable," retorted the boy. "No mind can take in a sum of that size; but it exists."

"Put that down! put that down!" shrieked the other boy. "You've struck something. If we get Berkeley on the paper, I'll run that in." He wrote rapidly, and then took a turn around the room, frowning as he walked. "The actuality of a thing," said he, summing his clever thoughts up, "is not disproved by its being inconceivable. Ideas alone depend upon thought for their existence. There! Anybody can get off stuff like that by the yard." He picked up a cork and a foot-rule, tossed the cork, and sent it flying out of the window with the foot-rule.

"Skip Berkeley," said the other boy. "How much more is there?"

"Necessary and accidental truths," answered the tutor, reading the subjects from his notes. "Hume and the causal law. The duality, or multiplicity, of the ego."

“The hard-boiled ego,” commented the boy with the ruler; and he batted a swooping June-bug into space.

“Sit down, idiot,” said his sprightly mate.

Conversation ceased. Instruction went forward. Their pencils worked. The causal law, etc., went into their condensed notes like Liebig’s extract of beef, and drops of perspiration continued to trickle from their matted hair.

II.

BERTIE and Billy were sophomores. They had been alive for twenty years, and were young. Their tutor was also a sophomore. He too had been alive for twenty years, but never yet had become young. Bertie and Billy had colonial names (Rogers, I think, and Schuyler), but the tutor’s name was Oscar Maironi, and he was charging his pupils five dollars an hour each for his instruction. Do not think this excessive. Oscar could have tutored a whole class of irresponsibles, and by that arrangement have earned probably more; but Bertie and Billy had pre-

PHILOSOPHY 4

empted him on account of his fame for high standing and accuracy, and they could well afford it. All three sophomores alike had happened to choose Philosophy 4 as one of their elective courses, and all alike were now face to face with the Day of Judgment. The final examinations had begun. Oscar could lay his hand upon his studious heart and await the Day of Judgment like—I had nearly said a Christian! His notes were full: Three hundred pages about Zeno and Parmenides and the rest, almost every word as it had come from the professor's lips. And his memory was full too, flowing like a player's lines. With the right cue he could recite instantly: "An important application of this principle, with obvious reference to Hera-
kleitos, occurs in Aristotle, who says——" He could do this with the notes anywhere. I am sure you appreciate Oscar and his great power of acquiring facts. So he was ready, like the wise virgins of parable. Bertie and Billy did not put one in mind of virgins: although they had burned considerable midnight oil, it had not

been to throw light upon Philosophy 4. In them the mere word Herakleitos had raised a chill no later than yesterday,—the chill of the unknown. They had not attended the lectures on the “Greek bucks.” Indeed, profiting by their privilege of voluntary recitations, they had dropped in but seldom on Philosophy 4. These blithe grasshoppers had danced and sung away the precious storing season, and now that the bleak hour of examinations was upon them their waked-up hearts had felt aghast at the sudden vision of their ignorance. It was on a Monday noon that this feeling came fully upon them, as they read over the names of the philosophers. Thursday was the day of the examination. “Who’s Anaxagoras?” Billy had inquired of Bertie. “I’ll tell you,” said Bertie, “if you’ll tell me who Epicharmos of Kos was.” And upon this they embraced with helpless laughter. Then they reckoned up the hours left for them to learn Epicharmos of Kos in,—between Monday noon and Thursday morning at nine,—and their quailing chill increased. A tutor must be

called in at once. So the grasshoppers, having money, sought out and quickly purchased the ant.

Closeted with Oscar and his notes, they had, as Bertie put it, salted down the early Greek bucks by seven on Monday evening. By the same midnight they had, as Billy expressed it, called the turn on Plato. Tuesday was a second day of concentrated swallowing. Oscar had taken them through the thought of many centuries. There had been intermissions for lunch and dinner only, and the weather was exceedingly hot. The pale-skinned Oscar stood this strain better than the unaccustomed Bertie and Billy. Their jovial eyes had grown hollow tonight, although their minds were going gallantly, as you have probably noticed. Their criticisms, slangy and abrupt, struck the scholastic Oscar as flippancies which he must indulge, since the pay was handsome. That these idlers should jump in with doubts and questions not contained in his sacred notes raised in him feelings betrayed just once in that remark about "original rresearch."

Nine—ten—eleven—twelve, went the little timepiece; and Oscar rose.

“Gentlemen,” he said, closing the sacred notes, “we have finished the causal law.”

“That’s the whole business except the ego racket, isn’t it?” said Billy.

“The duality, or multiplicity, of the ego remains,” Oscar replied.

“Oh, I know its name. It ought to be a soft snap after what we’ve had.”

“Unless it’s full of dates and names you’ve got to know,” said Bertie.

“Don’t believe it is,” Billy answered. “I heard him at it once.” (This meant that Billy had gone to a lecture lately.) “It’s all about Who am I? and How do I do it?” Billy added.

“Hm!” said Bertie. “Hm! Subjective and objective again, I suppose, only applied to oneself. You see, that table is objective. I can stand off and judge it. It’s outside of me; has nothing to do with me. That’s easy. But my opinion of—well, my—well, anything in my nature——”

“Anger when it’s time to get up,” suggested Billy.

“An excellent illustration,” said Bertie. “That is subjective in me. Similar to your dislike of water as a beverage. That is subjective in you. But here comes the twist. I can think of my own anger and judge it, just as if it were an outside thing, like the table. I can compare it with itself on different mornings or with other people’s anger. And I trust that you can do the same with your thirst.”

“Yes,” said Billy; “I recognize that it is greater at times and less at others.”

“Very well. There you are. Duality of the ego.”

“Subject and object,” said Billy. “Perfectly true, and very queer when you try to think of it. Wonder how far it goes? Of course, one can explain the body’s being an object to the brain inside it. That’s mind and matter over again. But when my own mind and thought can become objects to themselves—I wonder

how far that does go?" he broke off musingly. "What useless stuff!" he ended.

"Gentlemen," said Oscar, who had been listening to them with patient, Oriental diversion, "I——"

"Oh," said Bertie, remembering him. "Look here. We mustn't keep you up. We're awfully obliged for the way you are putting us on to this. You're saving our lives. Ten to-morrow for a grand review of the whole course."

"And the multiplicity of the ego?" inquired Oscar.

"Oh, I forgot. Well, it's too late to-night. Is it much? Are there many dates and names and things?"

"It is more of a general inquiry and analysis," replied Oscar. "But it is forty pages of my notes." And he smiled.

"Well, look here. It would be nice to have to-morrow clear for review. We're not tired. You leave us your notes and go to bed."

Oscar's hand almost moved to cover and hold his precious property, for this instinct was the

deepest in him. But it did not so move, because his intelligence controlled his instinct nearly, though not quite, always. His shiny little eyes, however, became furtive and antagonistic,—something the boys did not at first make out.

Oscar gave himself a moment of silence. “I could not break my rule,” said he then. “I do not ever leave my notes with anybody. Mr. Woodridge asked for my History 3 notes, and Mr. Bailey wanted my notes for Fine Arts 1, and I could not let them have them. If Mr. Woodridge was to hear——”

“But what in the dickens are you afraid of?”

“Well, gentlemen, I would rather not. You would take good care, I know, but there are sometimes things which happen that we cannot help. One time a fire——”

At this racial suggestion both boys made the room joyous with mirth. Oscar stood uneasily contemplating them. He would never be able to understand them, not as long as he lived, nor they him. When their mirth was over he did somewhat better, but it was tardy. You see, he

was not a specimen of the first rank, or he would have said at once what he said now: "I wish to study my notes a little myself, gentlemen."

"Go along, Oscar, with your inflammable notes, go along!" said Bertie, in supreme good-humor. "And we'll meet to-morrow at ten—if there hasn't been a fire. Better keep your notes in the bath, Oscar."

In as much haste as could be made with a good appearance, Oscar buckled his volume in its leather cover, gathered his hat and pencil, and, bidding his pupils a very good-night, sped smoothly out of the room.

III.

OSCAR MAIRONI was very poor. His thin gray suit in summer resembled his thick gray suit in winter. It does not seem that he had more than two; but he had a black coat and waistcoat, and a narrow-brimmed, shiny hat to go with these, and one pair of patent-leather shoes that laced, and whose long soles curved upward at the toe like the rockers of a summer-

hotel chair. These holiday garments served him in all seasons; and when you saw him dressed in them, and seated in a car bound for Park Square, you knew he was going into Boston, where he would read manuscript essays on Botticelli or Pico della Mirandola, or manuscript translations of Armenian folk-songs; read these to ecstatic, dim-eyed ladies in Newbury Street, who would pour him cups of tea when it was over, and speak of his earnestness after he was gone. It did not do the ladies any harm; but I am not sure that it was the best thing for Oscar. It helped him feel every day, as he stepped along to recitations with his elbow clamping his books against his ribs and his heavy black curls bulging down from his gray slouch hat to his collar, how meritorious he was compared with Bertie and Billy—with all Berties and Billies. He may have been. Who shall say? But I will say at once that chewing the cud of one's own virtue gives a sour stomach.

Bertie's and Billy's parents owned town- and

country-houses in New York. The parents of Oscar had come over in the steerage. Money filled the pockets of Bertie and Billy; therefore were their heads empty of money and full of less cramping thoughts. Oscar had fallen upon the reverse of this fate. Calculation was his second nature. He had given his education to himself; he had for its sake toiled, traded, outwitted, and saved. He had sent himself to college, where most of the hours not given to education and more education, went to toiling and more toiling, that he might pay his meagre way through the college world. He had a cheaper room and ate cheaper meals than was necessary. He tutored, and he wrote college specials for several newspapers. His chief relaxation was the praise of the ladies in Newbury Street. These told him of the future which awaited him, and when they gazed upon his features were put in mind of the dying Keats. Not that Oscar was going to die in the least. Life burned strong in him. There were sly times when he took what he had saved by his cheap meals and

room and went to Boston with it, and for a few hours thoroughly ceased being ascetic. Yet Oscar felt meritorious when he considered Bertie and Billy; for, like the socialists, merit with him meant not being able to live as well as your neighbor. You will think that I have given to Oscar what is familiarly termed a black eye. But I was once inclined to applaud his struggle for knowledge, until I studied him close and perceived that his love was not for the education he was getting, but for the getting it, the accumulating more and more and more. So there is no black eye about it. Pity Oscar if you like; but don't be so mushy as to admire him as he stepped along in the night, holding his notes, full of his knowledge, thinking of Bertie and Billy, conscious of virtue, and smiling his smile.

They were not conscious of any virtue, were Bertie and Billy, nor were they smiling. They were solemnly eating up together a box of handsome strawberries and sucking the juice from their reddened thumbs.

“Rather mean not to make him wait and have some of these after his hard work on us,” said Bertie. “I’d forgotten about them.”

“He ran out before you could remember, anyway,” said Billy.

“Wasn’t he absurd about his old notes?” Bertie went on, a new strawberry in his mouth. “We don’t need them, though. With to-morrow we’ll get this course down cold.”

“Yes, to-morrow,” sighed Billy. “It’s awful to think of another day of this kind.”

“Horrible,” assented Bertie.

“He knows a lot. He’s extraordinary,” said Billy.

“Yes, he is. He can talk the actual words of the notes. Probably he could teach the course himself. I don’t suppose he buys any strawberries, even when they get ripe and cheap here. What’s the matter with you?”

Billy had broken suddenly into merriment. “I don’t believe Oscar owns a bath,” he explained.

“By Jove! so his notes will burn in spite of

everything!" And both of the tennis boys shrieked foolishly.

Then Billy began taking his clothes off, strewing them in the window-seat or anywhere that they happened to drop; and Bertie, after hitting another cork or two out of the window with the tennis racket, departed to his own room on another floor and left Billy to immediate and deep slumber. This was broken for a few moments when Billy's roommate returned happy from an excursion which had begun in the morning.

The roommate sat on Billy's feet until that gentleman showed consciousness.

"I've done it," said the roommate, then.

"The hell you have!"

"You couldn't do it."

"The hell I couldn't!"

"Great dinner."

"The hell it was!"

"Soft-shell crabs, broiled live lobster, salmon, grass-plover, dough-birds, rum omelette. Bet you five dollars you can't find it."

PHILOSOPHY 4

“Take you. Go to bed.” And Billy fell again into deep, immediate slumber.

The roommate went out into the sitting-room, and noting the signs there of the hard work which had gone on during his absence, was glad that he did not take Philosophy 4. He was soon asleep also.

IV.

BILLY got up early. As he plunged into his cold bath he envied his roommate, who could remain at rest indefinitely, while his own hard lot was hurrying him to prayers and breakfast and Oscar's inexorable notes. He sighed once more as he looked at the beauty of the new morning and felt its air upon his cheeks. He and Bertie belonged to the same club-table, and they met there mournfully over the oatmeal. This very hour to-morrow would see them eating their last before the examination in Philosophy 4. And nothing pleasant was going to happen between,—nothing that they could dwell upon with the slightest satisfaction. Nor had their sleep entirely refreshed them. Their eyes

PHILOSOPHY 4

were not quite right, and their hair, though it was brushed, showed fatigue of the nerves in a certain inclination to limpness and disorder.

“Epicharmos of Kos
Was covered with moss,”

remarked Billy.

“Thales and Zeno
Were duffers at keno,”

added Bertie.

In the hours of trial they would often express their education thus.

“Philosophers I have met,” murmured Billy with scorn. And they ate silently for some time.

“There’s one thing that’s valuable,” said Bertie next. “When they spring those tricks on you about the flying arrow not moving, and all the rest, and prove it all right by logic, you learn what pure logic amounts to when it cuts loose from common sense. And Oscar thinks it’s immense. We shocked him.”

"He's found the Bird-in-Hand!" cried Billy quite suddenly.

"Oscar?" said Bertie with an equal shout.

"No, John. John has. Came home last night and waked me up and told me."

"Good for John," remarked Bertie pensively.

Now, to the undergraduate mind of that day the Bird-in-Hand tavern was what the golden fleece used to be to the Greeks,—a sort of shining, remote, miraculous thing, difficult though not impossible to find, for which expeditions were fitted out. It was reported to be somewhere in the direction of Quincy, and in one respect it resembled a ghost: you never saw a man who had seen it himself; it was always his cousin, or his elder brother in '79. But for the successful explorer a dinner and wines were waiting at the Bird-in-Hand more delicious than anything outside of Paradise. You will realize, therefore, what a thing it was to have a roommate who had attained. If Billy had not been so dog-tired last night, he would have sat up and

made John tell him everything from beginning to end.

“Soft-shell crabs, broiled live lobster, salmon, grass-plover, dough-birds, and rum omelette,” he was now reciting to Bertie.

“They say the rum there is old Jamaica brought in slave-ships,” said Bertie reverently.

“I’ve heard he has white port of 1820,” said Billy; “and claret, and champagne.”

Bertie looked out of the window. “This is the finest day there’s been,” said he. Then he looked at his watch. It was twenty-five minutes before Oscar. Then he looked Billy hard in the eye. “Have you any sand?” he inquired.

It was a challenge to Billy’s manhood. “Sand!” he yelled, sitting up.

Both of them in an instant had left the table and bounded out of the house.

“I’ll meet you at Pike’s,” said Billy to Bertie. “Make him give us the black gelding.”

“Might as well bring our notes along,” Bertie called after his rushing friend; “and get John to tell you the road.”

PHILOSOPHY 4

To see their haste, as the two fled in opposite directions upon their errands, you would have supposed them under some crying call of obligation, or else to be escaping from justice.

Twenty minutes later they were seated behind the black gelding and bound on their journey in search of the Bird-in-Hand. Their notes in Philosophy 4 were stowed under the buggy-seat.

“Did Oscar see you?” Bertie inquired.

“Not he,” cried Billy joyously.

“Oscar will wonder,” said Bertie; and he gave the black gelding a triumphant touch with the whip.

You see, it was Oscar that had made them run so; or, rather, it was Duty and Fate walking in Oscar’s displeasing likeness. Nothing easier, nothing more reasonable, than to see the tutor and tell him they should not need him to-day. But that would have spoiled everything. They did not know it, but deep in their child-like hearts was a delicious sense that in thus unaccountably disappearing they had won a great game, had got away ahead of Duty and Fate.

After all, it did bear some resemblance to an escape from justice.

Could he have known this, Oscar would have felt more superior than ever. Punctually at the hour agreed, ten o'clock, he rapped at Billy's door and stood waiting, his leather wallet of notes nipped safe between elbow and ribs. Then he knocked again. Then he tried the door, and as it was open, he walked deferentially into the sitting-room. Sonorous snores came from one of the bedrooms. Oscar peered in and saw John; but he saw no Billy in the other bed. Then, always deferential, he sat down in the sitting-room and watched a couple of prettily striped coats hanging in a half-open closet.

At that moment the black gelding was flirtatiously crossing the drawbridge over the Charles on the Allston Road. The gelding knew the clank of those suspending chains and the slight unsteadiness of the meeting halves of the bridge as well as it knew oats. But it could not enjoy its own entirely premeditated surprise quite so much as Bertie and Billy were enjoying their

entirely unpremeditated flight from Oscar. The wind rippled on the water; down at the boat-house Smith was helping some one embark in a single scull; they saw the green meadows towards Brighton; their foreheads felt cool and unvexed, and each new minute had the savor of fresh forbidden fruit.

“How do we go?” said Bertie.

“I forgot I had a bet with John until I had waked him,” said Billy. “He bet me five last night I couldn’t find it, and I took him. Of course, after that I had no right to ask him anything, and he thought I was funny. He said I couldn’t find out if the landlady’s hair was her own. I went him another five on that.”

“How do you say we ought to go?” said Bertie presently.

“Quincy, I’m sure.”

They were now crossing the Albany tracks at Allston. “We’re going to get there,” said Bertie; and he turned the black gelding towards Brookline and Jamaica Plain.

The enchanting day surrounded them. The

suburban houses, even the suburban street-cars, seemed part of one great universal plan of enjoyment. Pleasantness so radiated from the boys' faces and from their general appearance of clean white flannel trousers and soft clean shirts of pink and blue that a driver on a passing car leaned to look after them with a smile and a butcher hailed them with loud brotherhood from his cart. They turned a corner, and from a long way off came the sight of the tower of Memorial Hall. Plain above all intervening tenements and foliage it rose. Over there beneath its shadow were examinations and Oscar. It caught Billy's roving eye, and he nudged Bertie, pointing silently to it. "Ha, ha!" sang Bertie. And beneath his light whip the gelding sprang forward into its stride.

The clocks of Massachusetts struck eleven. Oscar rose doubtfully from his chair in Billy's study. Again he looked into Billy's bedroom and at the empty bed. Then he went for a moment and watched the still forcibly sleeping John. He turned his eyes this way and that,

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and after standing for a while moved quietly back to his chair and sat down with the leather wallet of notes on his lap, his knees together and his unblackened shoes touching. In due time the clocks of Massachusetts struck noon.

In a meadow where a brown amber stream ran lay Bertie and Billy on the grass. Their summer coats were off. Their belts loosened. They watched with eyes half closed the long water-weeds moving gently as the current waved and twined them. The black gelding, brought along a farm-road and through a gate, waited at its ease in the field beside a stone wall. Now and then it stretched and cropped a young leaf from a vine that grew over the wall, and now and then the warm wind brought down the fruit-blossoms all over the meadow. They fell from the tree where Bertie and Billy lay, and the boys brushed them from their faces. Not very far away was Blue Hill, softly shining; and crows high up in the air came from it occasionally across here.

By one o'clock a change had come in Billy's

room. Oscar during that hour had opened his satchel of philosophy upon his lap and read his notes attentively. Being almost word perfect in many parts of them, he now spent his unexpected leisure in acquiring accurately the language of still further paragraphs. "The sharp line of demarcation which Descartes drew between consciousness and the material world," whispered Oscar with satisfaction, and knew that if Descartes were on the examination paper he could start with this and go on for nearly twenty lines before he would have to use any words of his own. As he memorized, the chamber-maid who had come to do the bedrooms three times already and had gone away again, now returned and no longer restrained her indignation. "Get up, Mr. Blake!" she vociferated to the sleeping John; "you ought to be ashamed!" And she shook the bedstead. Thus John had come to rise and discover Oscar. The patient tutor explained himself as John listened in his pyjamas.

"Why, I'm sorry," said he, "but I don't believe they'll get back very soon."

“They have gone away?” asked Oscar sharply.

“Ah—yes,” returned the reticent John. “An unexpected matter of importance.”

“But, my dear sir, those gentlemen know nothing! Philosophy 4 is to-morrow, and they know nothing.”

“They’ll have to stand it, then,” said John, with a grin.

“And my time. I am waiting here. I am engaged to teach them. I have been waiting here since ten. They engaged me all day and this evening.”

“I don’t believe there’s the slightest use in your waiting now, you know. They’ll probably let you know when they come back.”

“Probably! But they have engaged my time. The girl knows I was here ready at ten. I call you to witness that you found me waiting, ready at any time.”

John in his pyjamas stared at Oscar. “Why, of course they’ll pay you the whole thing,” said he coldly; “stay here if you prefer.” And

he went into the bathroom and closed the door.

The tutor stood a while, holding his notes and turning his little eyes this way and that. His young days had been dedicated to getting the better of his neighbor, because otherwise his neighbor would get the better of him. Oscar had never suspected the existence of boys like John and Bertie and Billy. He stood holding his notes, and then, buckling them up once more, he left the room with evidently reluctant steps. It was at this time that the clocks struck one.

In their field among the soft new grass sat Bertie and Billy some ten yards apart, each with his back against an apple-tree. Each had his notes and took his turn at questioning the other. Thus the names of the Greek philosophers with their dates and doctrines were shouted gayly in the meadow. The foreheads of the boys were damp to-day, as they had been last night, and their shirts were opened to the air; but it was the sun that made them hot now, and no lamp or gas; and already they looked twice

as alive as they had looked at breakfast. There they sat, while their memories gripped the summarized list of facts essential, facts to be known accurately; the simple, solid, raw facts, which, should they happen to come on the examination paper, no skill could evade nor any imagination supply. But this study was no longer dry and dreadful to them; they had turned it to a sporting event. "What about Herakleitos?" Billy as catechist would put at Bertie. "Eternal flux," Bertie would correctly snap back at Billy. Or, if he got it mixed up, and replied, "Everything is water," which was the doctrine of another Greek, then Billy would credit himself with twenty-five cents on a piece of paper. Each ran a memorandum of this kind; and you can readily see how spirited a character metaphysics would assume under such conditions.

"I'm going in," said Bertie suddenly, as Billy was crediting himself with a fifty-cent gain. "What's your score?"

"Two seventy-five, counting your break on Parmenides. It'll be cold."

“No, it won’t. Well, I’m only a quarter behind you.” And Bertie pulled off his shoes. Soon he splashed into the stream where the bend made a hole of some depth.

“Cold?” inquired Billy on the bank.

Bertie closed his eyes dreamily. “Delicious,” said he, and sank luxuriously beneath the surface with slow strokes.

Billy had his clothes off in a moment, and, taking the plunge, screamed loudly. “You liar!” he yelled, as he came up. And he made for Bertie.

Delight rendered Bertie weak and helpless; he was caught and ducked; and after some vigorous wrestling both came out of the icy water.

“Now we’ve got no towels, you fool,” said Billy.

“Use your notes,” said Bertie, and he rolled in the grass. Then they chased each other round the apple-trees, and the black gelding watched them by the wall, its ears well forward.

While they were dressing they discovered it

was half-past one, and became instantly famished. "We should have brought lunch along," they told each other. But they forgot that no such thing as lunch could have induced them to delay their escape from Cambridge for a moment this morning. "What do you suppose Oscar is doing now?" Billy inquired of Bertie, as they led the black gelding back to the road; and Bertie laughed like an infant. "Gentlemen," said he, in Oscar's manner, "we now approach the multiplicity of the ego." The black gelding must have thought it had humorists to deal with this day.

Oscar, as a matter of fact, was eating his cheap lunch away over in Cambridge. There was cold mutton, and boiled potatoes with hard brown spots in them, and large pickled cucumbers; and the salt was damp and would not shake out through the holes in the top of the bottle. But Oscar ate two helps of everything with a good appetite, and betweenwhiles looked at his notes, which lay open beside him on the table. At the stroke of two he was again knock-

ing at his pupils' door. But no answer came. John had gone away somewhere for indefinite hours and the door was locked. So Oscar wrote, "Called, two P.M.," on a scrap of envelope, signed his name, and put it through the letter-slit. It crossed his mind to hunt other pupils for his vacant time, but he decided against this at once, and returned to his own room. Three o'clock found him back at the door, knocking scrupulously. The idea of performing his side of the contract, of tendering his goods and standing ready at all times to deliver them, was in his commercially mature mind. This time he had brought a neat piece of paper with him, and wrote upon it, "Called, three P.M.," and signed it as before, and departed to his room with a sense of fulfilled obligations.

Bertie and Billy had lunched at Mattapan quite happily on cold ham, cold pie, and doughnuts. Mattapan, being accustomed to such lilies of the field, stared at their clothes and general glory, but observed that they could eat the native bill-of-fare as well as anybody. They

found some good, cool beer, moreover, and spoke to several people of the Bird-in-Hand, and got several answers: for instance, that the Bird-in-Hand was at Hingham; that it was at Nantasket; that they had better inquire for it at South Braintree; that they had passed it a mile back; and that there was no such place. If you would gauge the intelligence of our population, inquire your way in a rural neighborhood. With these directions they took up their journey after an hour and a half, a halt made chiefly for the benefit of the black gelding, whom they looked after as much as they did themselves. For a while they discussed club matters seriously, as both of them were officers of certain organizations, chosen so on account of their recognized executive gifts. These questions settled, they resumed the lighter theme of philosophy, and made it (as Billy observed) a near thing for the Causal Law. But as they drove along, their minds left this topic on the abrupt discovery that the sun was getting down out of the sky, and they asked each other where

they were and what they should do. They pulled up at some cross-roads and debated this with growing uneasiness. Behind them lay the way to Cambridge,—not very clear, to be sure; but you could always go where you had come from, Billy seemed to think. He asked, “How about Cambridge and a little Oscar to finish off with?” Bertie frowned. This would be failure. Was Billy willing to go back and face John the successful?

“It would only cost me five dollars,” said Billy.

“Ten,” Bertie corrected. He recalled to Billy the matter about the landlady’s hair.

“By Jove, that’s so!” cried Billy, brightening. It seemed conclusive. But he grew cloudy again the next moment. He was of opinion that one could go too far in a thing.

“Where’s your sand?” said Bertie.

Billy made an unseemly rejoinder, but even in the making was visited by inspiration. He saw the whole thing as it really was. “By Jove!” said he, “we can’t get back in time for dinner.”

“There’s my bonny boy!” said Bertie with pride; and he touched up the black gelding. Uneasiness had left both of them. Cambridge was manifestly impossible; an error in judgment; food compelled them to seek the Bird-in-Hand. “We’ll try Quincy anyhow,” Bertie said. Billy suggested that they inquire of people on the road. This provided a new sporting event: they could bet upon the answers. Now, the roads, not populous at noon, had grown solitary in the sweetness of the long twilight. Voices of birds there were; and little, black, quick brooks, full to the margin-grass, shot under the roadway through low bridges. Through the web of young foliage the sky shone saffron, and frogs piped in the meadow-swamps. No cart or carriage appeared, however, and the bets languished. Bertie, driving with one hand, was buttoning his coat with the other, when the black gelding leaped from the middle of the road to the turf and took to backing. The buggy reeled; but the driver was skilful, and fifteen seconds of whip and presence of mind brought it out

smoothly. Then the cause of all this spoke to them from a gate.

“Come as near spillin’ as you boys wanted, I guess,” remarked the cause. They looked, and saw him in huge white shirt-sleeves, shaking with joviality. “If you kep’ at it long enough, you might a’most learn to drive a horse,” he continued, eying Bertie. This came as near direct praise as the true son of our soil—Northern or Southern—often thinks well of. Bertie was pleased, but made a modest observation, and “Are we near the tavern?” he asked. “Bird-in-Hand!” the son of the soil echoed; and he contemplated them from his gate. “That’s me,” he stated with complacence. “Bill Diggs of the Bird-in-Hand has been me since April, ’65.” His massy hair had been yellow, his broad body must have weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, his wide face was canny, red, and somewhat clerical, resembling Henry Ward Beecher’s. “Trout,” he said, pointing to a basket by the gate. “For your dinner.” Then he climbed heavily but skilfully down and picked

up the basket and a rod. "Folks round here say," said he, "that there ain't no more trout up them meadows. They've been a-sayin' that since '74; and I've been a-sayin' it myself, when judicious." Here he shook slightly and opened the basket. "Twelve," he said. "Sixteen yesterday. Now you go along and turn in the first right-hand turn, and I'll be up with you soon. Maybe you might make room for the trout." Room for him as well, they assured him; they were in luck to find him, they explained. "Well, I guess I'll trust my neck with you," he said to Bertie, the skilful driver; "'tain't five minutes' risk." The buggy leaned, and its springs bent as he climbed in, wedging his mature bulk between their slim shapes. The gelding looked round the shaft at them. "Protestin', are you?" he said to it. "These light-weight stoodents spile you!" So the gelding went on, expressing, however, by every line of its body a sense of outraged justice. The boys related their difficult search, and learned that any mention of the name of Diggs would have brought them

straight. " Bill Diggs of the Bird-in-Hand was my father, and my grandf'ther, and his father ; and has been me sence I come back from the war and took the business in '65. I'm not commonly to be met out this late. About fifteen minutes earlier is my time for gettin' back, unless I'm plannin' for a jamboree. But to-night I got to settin' and watchin' that sunset, and listenin' to a darned redwinged blackbird, and I guess Mrs. Diggs has decided to expect me somewheres about noon to-morrow or Friday. Say, did Johnnie send you?" When he found that John had in a measure been responsible for their journey, he filled with gayety. " Oh, Johnnie's a bird!" said he. " He's that demure on first appearance. Walked in last evening and wanted dinner. Did he tell you what he ate? Guess he left out what he drank. Yes, he's demure."

You might suppose that upon their landlord's safe and sober return fifteen minutes late, instead of on the expected noon of Thursday or Friday, their landlady would show signs of pleasure; but Mrs. Diggs from the porch threw

an uncordial eye at the three arriving in the buggy. Here were two more like Johnnie of last night. She knew them by the clothes they wore and by the confidential tones of her husband's voice as he chatted to them. He had been old enough to know better for twenty years. But for twenty years he had taken the same extreme joy in the company of Johnnies, and they were bad for his health. Her final proof that they belonged to this hated breed was when Mr. Diggs thumped the trout down on the porch, and after briefly remarking, "Half of 'em boiled, and half broiled with bacon," himself led away the gelding to the stable instead of intrusting it to his man Silas.

"You may set in the parlor," said Mrs. Diggs, and departed stiffly with the basket of trout.

"It's false," said Billy at once.

Bertie did not grasp his thought.

"Her hair," said Billy. And certainly it was an unusual-looking arrangement.

Presently, as they sat near a parlor organ in

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the presence of earnest family portraits, Bertie made a new poem for Billy,—

“ Said Aristotle unto Plato,
Have another sweet potato?”

And Billy responded,—

“ Said Plato unto Aristotle,
Thank you, I prefer the bottle.”

“ In here, are you?” said their beaming host at the door. “ Now, I think you’d find my department of the premises cosier, so to speak.” He nudged Bertie. “ Do you boys guess it’s too early in the season for a silver-fizz?”

We must not wholly forget Oscar in Cambridge. During the afternoon he had not failed in his punctuality; two more neat witnesses to this lay on the door-mat beneath the letter-slit of Billy’s room. And at the appointed hour after dinner a third joined them, making five. John found these cards when he came home to go to bed, and picked them up and stuck them ornamentally in Billy’s looking-glass as a greeting when Billy should return. The eight o’clock

visit was the last that Oscar paid to the locked door. He remained through the evening in his own room, studious, contented, unventilated, indulging in his thick notes, and also in the thought of Billy's and Bertie's eleventh-hour scholarship. "Even with another day," he told himself, "those young men could not have got fifty per cent." In those times this was the passing mark. To-day I believe that you get an A, or a B, or some other letter denoting your rank. In due time Oscar turned out his gas and got into his bed; and the clocks of Massachusetts struck midnight.

Mrs. Diggs of the Bird-in-Hand had retired at eleven, furious with rage, but firm in dignity in spite of a sudden misadventure. Her hair, being the subject of a sporting event, had remained steadily fixed in Billy's mind,—steadily fixed throughout an entertainment which began at an early hour to assume the features of a celebration. One silver-fizz before dinner is nothing; but dinner did not come at once, and the boys were thirsty. The hair of Mrs. Diggs

had caught Billy's eye again immediately upon her entrance to inform them that the meal was ready; and whenever she reëntered with a new course from the kitchen Billy's eye wandered back to it, although Mr. Diggs had become full of anecdotes about the Civil War. It was partly Grecian: a knot stood out behind to a considerable distance. But this was not the whole plan. From front to back ran a parting, clear and severe, and curls fell from this to the temples in a manner called, I believe, by the enlightened, à la Anne d'Autriche. The color was gray, to be sure; but this propriety did not save the structure from Billy's increasing observation. As bottles came to stand on the table in greater numbers, the closer and the more solemnly did Billy continue to follow the movements of Mrs. Diggs. They would without doubt have noticed him and his foreboding gravity but for Mr. Diggs's experiences in the Civil War.

The repast was finished—so far as the eating went. Mrs. Diggs with changeless dudgeon was removing and washing the dishes. At the revel-

lers' elbows stood the 1820 port in its fine, fat old dingy bottle, going pretty fast. Mr. Diggs was nearing the end of Antietam. "That mornin' of the 18th, while McClellan was holdin' us squattin' and cussin'," he was saying to Bertie, when some sort of shuffling sound in the corner caught their attention. We can never know how it happened. Billy ought to know, but does not, and Mrs. Diggs allowed no subsequent reference to the casualty. But there she stood with her entire hair at right angles. The Grecian knot extended above her left ear, and her nose stuck through one set of Anne d'Au-triche. Beside her Billy stood, solemn as a stone, yet with a sort of relief glazed upon his face.

Mr. Diggs sat straight up at the vision of his spouse. "Flouncing Florence!" was his exclamation. "Gee-whittaker, Mary, if you ain't the most unmitigated sight!" And wind then left him.

Mary's reply arrived in tones like a hornet stinging slowly and often. "Mr. Diggs, I have put up with many things, and am expecting to

put up with many more. But you'd behave better if you consorted with gentlemen."

The door slammed and she was gone. Not a word to either of the boys, not even any notice of them. It was thorough, and silence consequently held them for a moment.

"He didn't mean anything," said Bertie, growing partially responsible.

"Didn't mean anything," repeated Billy, like a lesson.

"I'll take him and he'll apologize," Bertie pursued, walking over to Billy.

"He'll apologize," went Billy, like a cheerful piece of mechanism. Responsibility was still quite distant from him.

Mr. Diggs got his wind back. "Better not," he advised in something near a whisper. "Better not go after her. Her father was a fightin' preacher, and she's—well, begosh! she's a chip of the old pulpit." And he rolled his eye towards the door. Another door slammed somewhere above, and they gazed at each other, did Bertie and Mr. Diggs. Then Mr. Diggs, still

gazing at Bertie, beckoned to him with a speaking eye and a crooked finger; and as he beckoned, Bertie approached like a conspirator and sat down close to him. "Begosh!" whispered Mr. Diggs. "Unmitigated." And at this he and Bertie laid their heads down on the table and rolled about in spasms.

Billy from his corner seemed to become aware of them. With his eye fixed upon them like a statue, he came across the room, and, sitting down near them with formal politeness, observed, "Was you ever to the battle of Antietam?" This sent them beyond the limit; and they rocked their heads on the table and wept as if they would expire.

Thus the three remained during what space of time is not known: the two upon the table, convalescent with relapses, and Billy like a seated idol, unrelaxed at his vigil. The party was seen through the windows by Silas, coming from the stable to inquire if the gelding should not be harnessed. Silas leaned his face to the pane, and envy spoke plainly in it. "Oh my, oh my!"

he mentioned aloud to himself. So we have the whole household: Mrs. Diggs reposing scornfully in an upper chamber; all parts of the tavern darkened, save the one lighted room; the three inside that among their bottles, with the one outside looking covetously in at them; and the gelding stamping in the stable.

But Silas, since he could not share, was presently of opinion that this was enough for one sitting, and he tramped heavily upon the porch. This brought Bertie back to the world of reality, and word was given to fetch the gelding. The host was in no mood to part with them, and spoke of comfortable beds and breakfast as early as they liked; but Bertie had become entirely responsible. Billy was helped in, Silas was liberally thanked, and they drove away beneath the stars, leaving behind them golden opinions and a host who decided not to disturb his help-mate by retiring to rest in their conjugal bed.

Bertie had forgotten, but the playful gelding had not. When they came abreast of that gate where Diggs of the Bird-in-Hand had met them

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at sunset Bertie was only aware that a number of things had happened at once, and that he had stopped the horse after about twenty yards of battle. Pride filled him, but emptied away in the same instant, for a voice on the road behind him spoke inquiringly through the darkness:

“Did any one fall out?” said the voice.

“Who fell out?”

“Billy!” shrieked Bertie, cold all over.

“Billy, are you hurt?”

“Did Billy fall out?” said the voice with plaintive cadence. “Poor Billy!”

“He can’t be,” muttered Bertie. “Are you?” he loudly repeated.

There was no answer; but steps came along the road as Bertie checked and pacified the gelding. Then Billy appeared by the wheel. “Poor Billy fell out,” he said mildly. He held something up, which Bertie took. It had been Billy’s straw hat, now a brimless fabric of ruin. Except for smirches and one inexpressible tear which dawn revealed to Bertie a little later,

there were no further injuries, and Billy got in and took his seat quite competently.

Bertie drove the gelding with a firm hand after this. They passed through the cool of the unseen meadow-swamps, and heard the sound of the hollow bridges as they crossed them, and now and then the gulp of some pouring brook. They went by the few lights of Mattapan, seeing from some points on their way the beacons of the harbor, and again the curving line of lamps that drew the outline of some village built upon a hill. Dawn showed them Jamaica Pond, smooth and breezeless, and encircled with green skeins of foliage, delicate and new. Here multitudinous birds were chirping their tiny, overwhelming chorus. When at length, across the flat suburban spaces, they again sighted Memorial tower, small in the distance, the sun was lighting it.

Confronted by this, thoughts of hitherto banished care, and of the morrow that was now to-day, and of Philosophy 4 coming in a very few hours, might naturally have arisen and dark-

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ened the end of their pleasant journey. Not so, however. Memorial tower suggested another line of argument. It was Billy who spoke, as his eyes first rested upon that eminent pinnacle of Academe.

“ Well, John owes me five dollars.”

“ Ten, you mean.”

“ Ten? How?”

“ Why, her hair. And it was easily worth twenty.”

Billy turned his head and looked suspiciously at Bertie. “ What did I do?” he asked.

“ Do! Don’t you know?”

Billy in all truth did not.

“ Phew!” went Bertie. “ Well, I don’t either. Didn’t see it. Saw the consequences, though. Don’t you remember being ready to apologize? What do you remember, anyhow?”

Billy consulted his recollections with care: they seemed to break off at the champagne. That was early. Bertie was astonished. Did not Billy remember singing “ Brace up and dress the Countess,” and “ A noble lord the Earl of

Leicester"? He had sung them quite in his usual manner, conversing freely betweenwhiles. In fact, to see and hear him, no one would have suspected—— "It must have been that extra silver-fizz you took before dinner," said Bertie. "Yes," said Billy; "that's what it must have been." Bertie supplied the gap in his memory, a matter of several hours, it seemed. During most of this time Billy had met the demands of each moment quite like his usual agreeable self—a sleep-walking state. It was only when the hair incident was reached that his conduct had noticeably crossed the line. He listened to all this with interest intense.

"John does owe me ten, I think," said he.

"I say so," declared Bertie. "When do you begin to remember again?"

"After I got in again at the gate. Why did I get out?"

"You fell out, man."

Billy was incredulous.

"You did. You tore your clothes wide open."

Billy, looking at his trousers, did not see it.

“ Rise, and I’ll show you,” said Bertie.

“ Goodness gracious!” said Billy.

Thus discoursing, they reached Harvard Square. Not your Harvard Square, gentle reader, that place populous with careless youths and careful maidens and reticent persons with books, but one of sleeping windows and clear, cool air and few sounds; a Harvard Square of emptiness and conspicuous sparrows and milk wagons and early street-car conductors in long coats going to their breakfast; and over all this the sweetness of the arching elms.

As the gelding turned down towards Pike’s the thin old church clock struck. “ Always sounds,” said Billy, “ like cambric tea.”

“ Cambridge tea,” said Bertie.

“ Walk close behind me,” said Billy as they came away from the livery stable. “ Then they won’t see the hole.”

Bertie did so; but the hole was seen by the street-car conductors and the milkmen, and these sympathetic hearts smiled at the sight of the marching boys, and loved them without

knowing any more of them than this. They reached their building and separated.

V.

ONE hour later they met. Shaving and a cold bath and summer flannels not only clean but beautiful invested them with the radiant innocence of flowers. It was still too early for their regular breakfast, and they sat down to eggs and coffee at the Holly Tree.

"I waked John up," said Billy. "He is satisfied."

"Let's have another order," said Bertie. "These eggs are delicious." Each of them accordingly ate four eggs and drank two cups of coffee.

"Oscar called five times," said Billy; and he threw down those cards which Oscar had so neatly written.

"There's multiplicity of the ego for you!" said Bertie.

Now, inspiration is a strange thing, and less obedient even than love to the will of man. It

will decline to come when you prepare for it with the loftiest intentions, and lo! at an accidental word it will suddenly fill you, as at this moment it filled Billy.

“By gum!” said he, laying his fork down. “Multiplicity of the ego. Look here. I fall out of a buggy and ask——”

“By gum!” said Bertie, now also visited by inspiration.

“Don’t you see?” said Billy.

“I see a whole lot more,” said Bertie with excitement. “I had to tell you about your singing.” And the two burst into a flare of talk.

To hear such words as cognition, attention, retention, entity, and identity, freely mingled with such other words as silver-fizz and false hair, brought John, the egg-and-coffee man, as near surprise as his impregnable nature permitted. Thus they finished their large breakfast, and hastened to their notes for a last good bout at memorizing Epicharmos of Kos and his various brethren. The appointed hour found them crossing the college yard towards a door

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inside which Philosophy 4 awaited them: three hours of written examination! But they looked more roseate and healthy than most of the anxious band whose steps were converging to that same gate of judgment. Oscar, meeting them on the way, gave them his deferential "Good-morning," and trusted that the gentlemen felt easy. Quite so, they told him, and bade him feel easy about his pay, for which they were, of course, responsible. Oscar wished them good luck and watched them go to their desks with his little eyes, smiling in his particular manner. Then he dismissed them from his mind, and sat, with a faint remnant of his smile, fluently writing his perfectly accurate answer to the first question upon the examination paper.

Here is that paper. You will not be able to answer all the questions, probably, but you may be glad to know what such things are like.

Philosophy 4.

I. Thales, Zeno, Parmenides, Herakleitos, Anaxagoras. State briefly the doctrine of each.

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2. Phenomenon, noumenon. Discuss these terms. Name their modern descendants.

3. Thought = Being. Assuming this, state the difference, if any, between (1) memory and anticipation; (2) sleep and waking.

4. Democritus, Pythagoras, Bacon. State the relation between them. In what terms must the objective world ultimately be stated? Why?

5. Experience is the result of time and space being included in the nature of mind. Discuss this.

6. *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensibus*. Whose doctrine? Discuss it.

7. What is the inherent limitation in all ancient philosophy? Who first removed it?

8. Mind is expressed through what? Matter through what? Is speech the result or the cause of thought?

9. Discuss the nature of the ego.

10. According to Plato, Locke, Berkeley, where would the sweetness of a honey-comb reside? Where would its shape? its weight? Where do you think these properties reside?

Ten questions, and no Epicharmos of Kos. But no examination paper asks everything, and this one did ask a good deal. Bertie and Billy wrote the full time allotted, and found that they could have filled an hour more without coming

to the end of their thoughts. Comparing notes at lunch, their information was discovered to have been lacking here and there. Nevertheless, it was no failure; their inner convictions were sure of fifty per cent. at least, and this was all they asked of the gods. "I was ripping about the ego," said Bertie. "I was rather splendid myself," said Billy, "when I got going. And I gave him a huge steer about memory." After lunch both retired to their beds and fell into sweet oblivion until seven o'clock, when they rose and dined, and after playing a little poker went to bed again pretty early.

Some six mornings later, when the Professor returned their papers to them, their minds were washed almost as clear of Plato and Thales as were their bodies of yesterday's dust. The dates and doctrines, hastily memorized to rattle off upon the great occasion, lay only upon the surface of their minds, and after use they quickly evaporated. To their pleasure and most genuine astonishment, the Professor paid them high compliments. Bertie's discussion of the double

personality had been the most intelligent which had come in from any of the class. The illustration of the intoxicated hack-driver who had fallen from his hack and inquired who it was that had fallen, and then had pitied himself, was, said the Professor, as original and perfect an illustration of our subjective-objectivity as he had met with in all his researches. And Billy's suggestions concerning the inherency of time and space in the mind the Professor had also found very striking and independent, particularly his reasoning based upon the well-known distortions of time and space which hasheesh and other drugs produce in us. This was the sort of thing which the Professor had wanted from his students: free comment and discussions, the spirit of the course, rather than any strict adherence to the letter. He had constructed his questions to elicit as much individual discussion as possible and had been somewhat disappointed in his hopes.

Yes, Bertie and Billy were astonished. But their astonishment did not equal that of Oscar,

who had answered many of the questions in the Professor's own language. Oscar received seventy-five per cent. for this achievement—a good mark. But Billy's mark was eighty-six and Bertie's ninety. "There is some mistake," said Oscar to them when they told him; and he hastened to the Professor with his tale. "There is no mistake," said the Professor. Oscar smiled with increased deference. "But," he urged, "I assure you, sir, those young men knew absolutely nothing. I was their tutor and they knew nothing at all. I taught them all their information myself." "In that case," replied the Professor, not pleased with Oscar's tale-bearing, "you must have given them more than you could spare. Good-morning."

Oscar never understood. But he graduated considerably higher than Bertie and Billy, who were not able to discover many other courses so favorable to "original rresearch" as was Philosophy 4. That is twenty years ago. To-day Bertie is treasurer of the New Amsterdam Trust Company, in Wall Street, Billy is superintendent

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of passenger traffic of the New York and Chicago Air Line. Oscar is successful too. He has acquired a lot of information. His smile is unchanged. He has published a careful work entitled "The Minor Poets of Cinquecento," and he writes book reviews for the *Evening Post*.

YALE

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FOR those who had no inkling of his mother's social aspirations Brombey's presence at college was a mystery. Of course, his instructors thought him a bore, and had tried in every honest way to get rid of him, but Brombey had stuck like a clinker in a sieve, and no shake had been sufficiently violent to throw him out; no snub or set-back could dismay him.

He had no talent of any kind; but he had courage,—the courage of a mule that pulls and plods until it dies. So it befell that while some of his classmates were growing famous in their little world, Brombey drudged in silence over books which only a miracle could have made him understand. In class-room he listened with all his might, yet was forever begetting some monstrous blunder whereat his classmates were

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all but smothered with mirth, and it soon became a habit of theirs to tell the latest joke on Brombey. Sometimes, his cheeks red with shame, he would turn half-way round and, seeing so many of them in ripples over him, would smile, as if to prove that he could do so at his own expense, then sit down, tingling and wretched to the bottom of his soul.

Brombey was rich (or was to be so before long), and had an allowance of four thousand a year,—to say nothing of an occasional fowling-piece, Boston terrier, picture, rug, and even a blooded cob and dog-cart, sent him with a little fondness, and a purpose, from home.

Of the four thousand dollars, five hundred or so went regularly to various missions, to the less prosperous athletes, or to the college periodicals, for Brombey took them all. Fifteen hundred paid for his clothing, his food, his travel, and his rooms. The remainder (two thousand dollars) he was spending on his mind.

Brombey had a tutor, Walton, a swarthy giant who might have gone into athletics had he found

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the time, but every moment this man could spare was spent on Brombey, who paid him three dollars an hour. Had Walton fallen ill or gone away for a couple of days all might have been over; for he it was who wound up Brombey's mind; who knew beforehand when Brombey was beginning to run slow; who kept his fingers on the pulse of Brombey's teachers, divining and forestalling as if by magic what they were going to do with Brombey; and yet he and they were never, of course, guilty of any collusion. Walton was merely a genius in his way, and that is why his services were worth three dollars an hour.

Yale is an intelligently cordial place where the milk of human kindness flows plentifully in hours of stress and snobs are not yet kings; but, somehow, Brombey made few friends. Apparently nobody thought he stood in need of such a thing. The truth of it was that he lacked that indefinable personal charm, the gracefully unconscious sympathy that links us in the pleasant moments of our lives. And so it befell, after certain untimely advances in which his class-

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mates had felt some good motive awkwardly revealed, that Brombey was left mostly to his own ends. He went to the games, to be sure, and belonged to an eating club with men who could pay only five dollars a week. For thrice that sum he could have been served by a liveried negro in the gregarious loneliness of a hotel. Yet, though he could not have explained it to himself, there was forever welling up within him a wish to be treated quite as other men,—to feel that he was not on the cold edges of friendship, but that he had been drawn into one of those hallowed circles from which the weakest man is strong enough to exclude whomsoever he will.

There was, nevertheless, one man to whom he could turn, and that was Walton. As one might feel some protection in lying down between the motionless arms of a sphinx, so Brombey had come to look upon Walton as a being in whom he could find a refuge from himself; for in his vague, dull mind there were yearnings now and then to share in the passions and comprehensions of life with some more adequate soul.

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So he had lain sometimes within the stone arms, and the sphinx, looking down, had understood and remained inscrutable.

In the beginning of their strange alliance Walton had thought of his ward as a blockhead whom he must keep from falling overboard until, at least, they had weathered all capes and shoals and storms, but gradually this cynical attitude wore away, and there grew up in its stead a devotion. Was it to a purpose, or to a man? He scarcely knew. To have pounded his own brains into Brombey, to have transplanted into him something of his own soul, to have enlarged another being and sown, as it were, seeds that might find a soil wherein to flower,—that had been the best reward for hours of desperate struggle.

Mrs. Brombey, meanwhile, was devising futures of her own,—harmlessly, to be sure, for she was no titanic force. But her foot was always ready for the next rung of the social ladder, and if her darling Harold could go happily through college and make friends who

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would be "so delightful to know in later years," she would feel "more than repaid." For what? A paltry sum like four thousand a year—the Brombey income for ten days? or was it some sacrifice she had made? something potent she had done in order that he might be refined by daily intercourse with aristocrats living and dead?

With a woman's intuition she had divined in two or three visits the bearing of Yale's Society system. The mysterious buildings with their eyeless walls had symbolized to her the very essence, crown, and culmination of social distinction, and that Harold should be privileged some day to enter one of those tombs and bear on his waistcoat a golden emblem was to her more desirable by far than that he should ripen into a cultivated gentleman. For twenty years Mrs. Brombey had lived next door to what she deemed the flower of American society, and not for a pensive moment had she ceased hoping that she might be let into the snobs' terrestrial paradise. But Harold's day never came. From the

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windows of his luxuriously furnished rooms he looked out on the gowns and torches, he heard the songs of the elect as they came or went, and he would have liked very much to be of their company; but no one thought of him in that way,—not even Walton,—and when his mother asked him if he intended to join he evaded a direct reply. But Mrs. Brombey wrote him, “Dear Harold, don’t you think it a great mistake not to share more fully in college life?” Poor Brombey! He was by no means too dull to understand the irony of his fate. It puzzled and grieved him to invent reasons, to gloss the situation over, or to explain it away, for his mother’s lack of intelligent sympathy and his own dignity were in conspiracy to hold the truth at bay. He might have turned to his father, but the latter was too busy at the stock-ticker and would certainly have failed to understand. All that Harold expected from him was a weekly check accompanied by a letter that had been dictated to a machine.

As water by perpetually flowing over the

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roughest rocks that have fallen into some stream will wear them smooth in time, so Harold was gradually losing his sharp edges, but he was still a boulder which the water had never penetrated. He was being reshaped, but worn away.

The years ran on. Always at the tail of his class, without friends, secretly the butt of never-ceasing raillery, and sometimes hearing laughter that stung, he clung to his main purpose doggedly. And Walton helped him, carried him like a dead weight; he was Walton's slave, drudging eight, nine, ten hours a day. The burden never grew lighter. The Latin, Greek, and mathematics of freshman year were no more terrible than the "snap courses" he had chosen now that he was a senior. Ethics and Browning, Trigonometry and Homer—they were all dead and distant as the stars.

But Harold had a memory, at least he could remember for a while, and it was upon this faculty that Walton relied. What Harold "knew" was not his own but Walton's. He was Walton's bank in a double sense, and at regular

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intervals the University drew so heavily that scarcely a penny was left.

It was the beginning of the end. Before the doors of Alumni Hall, in the midst of a noisy, restless crowd of seniors, stood Walton and Harold Brombey.

"Oh, say, Walton," Harold whispered, "when did you tell me Hugo was born?"

"In 1802."

"Then it was in 1840 he wrote 'The Marble Faun.'"

"No, man! For God's sake, no!"

The conversation had been overheard. In a second there arose a bellow of laughter from the crowd. Walton was aghast. He seized Harold by one arm and dragged him away to the fence, wondering whether that faculty on which he had relied was to fail after all. He expostulated (not for the first time). "Why, Harold," he exclaimed, between threat and entreaty, "we've got to the last exam. You've simply *got* to get through."

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"Oh, well," muttered Brombey, "there's no use in getting hot about it."

"Never mind that," spoke Walton more softly. "Pick up the pieces, Harold, and we'll slide through. Only don't write anything so idiotic on your paper. If the man who reads it happens to be crusty you may not get your degree."

Brombey was beginning to look vague and a little scared, but Walton's grip on him had tightened again. He began to hearten Brombey in the old way, and Brombey began to feel that he knew the subject not so badly after all. But he resented the laughter as he had never resented it before. In his heart of hearts he could not help making to himself a melancholy confession. But that was no reason, thought he, why men whom he had never offended, from whom he had asked no favors, and who had shown him none, should wait for him to stumble to make merry over it, as if he had been merely a comic animal.

Yet the laughter, spontaneous rather than

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wantonly cruel, had subsided, and as the hands of the college clock drew nearer and nearer the hour, his classmates pressed close to the door, jostling and exuberant, boys to the last. A small man with a gray beard was standing within. As some belated proctor arrived upon the scene, this personage would open one flap of the doors and peer out over the crowd with an air of ostentatious indifference, holding his nose well up and dangling a bunch of keys like an imitation St. Peter. But, suddenly, as the clock chimed, the sheep and the goats rushed in, brushing him merrily out of the way. Brombey foilowed them, accompanied to the inner threshold by Walton, who was gushing knowledge like a hydrant, and Brombey caught all he could in the small vessel wherewith Nature had seen fit to provide him. They stopped together in the very door, and Harold still listened with a dull yet eager glare, whatever discomfort he had suffered a few moments before having left no perceptible traces in his face.

“Well, Harold,” said Walton in the soothing

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tone one might use to a child, "do your best, old man. It's the last hurdle." He gave Brombey a couple of taps on the back and clinched his arm. A look passed between them,—a smile; then Brombey walked slowly to his table, while Walton went out into the air, and a wave of tenderness passed over him as he thought of that stubborn soul, of that will out of all proportion to its thin envelope of mind.

Harold triumphed, but it was a costly victory. For a while he had looked at the list of questions in a daze. It seemed to him he had never heard of any of them before. Then the veil lifted, something once heard and seen loomed up clear on the visible background of his brain, and he remembered how the answering words had looked upon the pages of his books, and how Walton had uttered them. So he fell to writing with a fury that lasted until the last syllable was done. His knowledge had stayed with him no longer than Polyphemus's wine, and that ink which was, as it were, the very blood of his mind seemed in flowing out to drain him dry. Two

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hours later he rushed from the examination hall in a fever, beating with his arms, and leaped towards Walton, who came to meet him.

“ I’ve done it !” he shouted,—“ left ’em without a shred to wear. I answered every question,—perfectly. Come along, Walt, old boy ! Let’s go somewhere and cool down and get a drink. I’m parched and boiling.” He seized Walton and began to whirl him round and round, hugged him, then dragged him away, explaining confusedly what he had written, feverishly going over the questions one by one. As they passed from the University Quadrangle out to the Green, Tom Jarvis—a man who had twice consented to go driving in Harold’s dog-cart—came strolling towards them with his hands in his breeches’ pockets and an astonished grin.

“ Hullo ! Harold,” he said, “ what in the name of dickens has got into you ?”

“ I’ve shirted ’em,” quoth Brombey, “ left ’em with bare poles. Oh, it was too easy for me !” And he began to tell Jarvis, with now dwindling energy, how perfectly he had answered all the

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questions of the examination. But Jarvis, who had for a moment taken a purely whimsical interest in Brombey's outer excitement, was now looking at him indifferently, as if he scarcely heard. Brombey said to him, "Come along, won't you? Walton and I are going to have a bottle or two just to show we have no hard feelings against anybody. We're going to have a good time." The last words came out feebly, for Brombey had suddenly perceived that Jarvis was withdrawing into his shell, leaving nothing out but the horns.

"H'm," laughed Jarvis, "you're a real shark, Brombey. Never give up the class!" With this he started to move on.

"Aren't you coming with us?" asked Brombey.

"No, thanks," said the other man; "just had some ham and beer. Horrible things to mix with champagne! I wish you great joy."

So Jarvis passed on, leaving Brombey almost dumb. Really, he cared little about Jarvis and could understand a reasonable excuse, but felt

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slighted and chilled by the brutality of tone. Walton, having given Jarvis a nod, had remained silent during the strange colloquy, following with some interest the fall of temperature in Brombey,—a fall which he had observed quite as easily as if his ward had been a thermometer. They walked on.

“Do you like him?” Walton tentatively inquired.

“Oh!” said Brombey, “I guess it don’t make much difference to me either way.”

“Well, it does to me,” said Walton. “There are times, Harold, when I can stand nothing but the best of company.”

Walton was not relishing the prospect of passing a couple of hours with Brombey over two bottles of champagne, but with every sign of genuine friendship and good-humor he threw his arm for an instant over Brombey’s shoulder, and together they crossed the Green.

On one of the Quadrangle’s bald spots they had set up a hollow square of “bleachers” whose

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dull-blue planks were covered now with sofa pillows and other cushions of every shape, size, and hue. And on these soft seats, whose backs were people's knees, sat a throng, mostly of women, old and young. The subdued or flashing colors of their dresses, the hum of their voices, were much like those of previous years; yet there was hardly a person present to whom the scene was not refreshingly new. Nor could even the leaden air of a New England summer dull the spirits of that pleasure-seeking throng, who chatted and laughed and waved their fans, waiting with cheerful indulgence for what might befall.

On a cushion embroidered with the words "For God, for Country, and for Yale" sat Mrs. Brombey. Seen from a distance, with her light-blue gown and fluttering white fan, she might have suggested a huge one-winged butterfly. Mr. Brombey had "fully expected to come," but at the last moment the ticker had suffered a relapse, followed by high fever. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*,—or rather that telegram. On one

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side of Madam Brombey sat an Irish person who confided that she had "blackguarded" her husband into sending their Terence to Yale, while within six inches of Mrs. Brombey, on the other side, sat Mrs. de Witt, one of the branch with a small d. Terence's mother (untutored child of Nature) had introduced herself to Mrs. B. in these terms: "Have ye a b'y graduatin' this year?" and subsequently had exhausted all the monsters of bad grammar to tell what a fine lad was Terence. And, indeed, he had stood some four or five degrees higher than Harold in the eight-storied edifice of Yale scholarship. It is something to sit at the foot of a throne (even with a Terence above you), and Mrs. Brombey was not obliged to tell her secrets to Mrs. de Witt, who, like herself, esteemed more highly the advantages of college friendships, etc., than the transient facts of science and literature.

"Where is your son sitting?" inquired Mrs. de Witt in sweetly balanced tones.

"In the fifth row," answered Mrs. Brombey

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with still greater sweetness, offering an opera-glass to Mrs. de Witt.

“No, I can see quite well,” said that lady. “Only they all look so much alike in those black gowns. They must be so warm.”

“I should think they must be quite roasting,” answered Mrs. Brombey,—“but, then, I don’t suppose they are conscious of the heat, do you?”

“Oh, I dare say they don’t care,” rejoined Mrs. de Witt; “they are all having such a fine time. Was your son a member of Bones?”

“No,” responded Mrs. Brombey. “Harold has been so foolish about entering the societies. He was pledged to one of them in freshman year and never joined. I was really quite vexed with him.”

“Oh, how odd!” ejaculated Mrs. de Witt, whose attention was now distracted by the arrival of some friend in another part of the hollow square.

Squatting on the bare ground, amid some three hundred other men in black gowns and

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mortar-boards, was Harold, with a clay pipe which he alternately sucked with painful energy or vigorously rekindled, looking at the thing with the same puzzled mien whenever it went out. No one was talking to him, nor did he find anything to say to his comrades. Yet he was enjoying the scene dreamily, happy enough that all the bother of studying was now gone forever, that he could live in peace for a while with no Walton to goad him and no professors to say, "That will do, Mr. Brombey." He turned twice and looked up to his mother, but once she was adjusting her bonnet, and the second time she seemed to be conversing. So he looked that way no more. Presently the murmur died away and two thousand eyes were fixed on a slender fellow who had risen to begin the ceremonies of class-day. In one hand he held a manuscript which he began to read in a confident tone. "Now, fellows," said he, "hold up Jenkins!" and Jenkins went up in a flash, as if he had been belched from a volcano. Wriggling and grinning, he was held for a few seconds aloft, that

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all present might see who Jenkins was and learn what in his college career he had done or failed to do. Jenkins's mother and sister discovered him to be something less than the angel they had known. After Jenkins came Brown. "This beautiful young man," said the speaker, "was once invited to a clergyman's to dinner, but being very shy, he could think of nothing clever and appropriate to say until the maid brought some quail—one for each person. Then Brown glowed with a brilliant idea, something pat that would show he knew his Bible. 'These quail,' said Brown, 'remind me of something in the New Testament.' 'Of what?' asked the clergyman. 'Why,' said Brown, 'of the multitude and the six little fishes.' Brown always was a promising child.

"But now, gentlemen, I want you to hold up Brombey, our studious Harold, who sports a dog-cart and always plays a two-spot when he should play an ace. Hold up Brombey!"

Almost before his beaming mother could focus her glass on Harold, he had been lifted by enthu-

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siastic arms, and on this dubious throne he sat with eyes roving, no more able to steady himself than if he had been sitting on a runaway camel. Presently his bearers ceased heaving, and there fell an ominous stillness while they turned him slowly round. Somehow the oddity of the proceeding had brought a great hush of expectation over the throng—but Harold felt their eyes. He seemed, in truth, to see *each* eye looking into him curiously, and he began to fear. “Now,” went on the historian, “you’ve had a good look at his *body*. Gentlemen, be so good as to hold up Brombey’s *brains*.” As Walton was swung up there went over the crowd of students, then over the whole throng, a ripple which here and there became a roar. But to Brombey the jest was unspeakably terrible. He could see the eyes no longer, for his own were swimming in a sudden mist, while a sickness came over him, then a vague wonder whether they would hold him up much longer. For a moment, his forehead bathed in sweat, which started at every pore, he struggled desperately

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to get down, but the grip of his bearers tightened and he rose higher still, while over his face there passed a hot wave of shame. He could not have felt more helpless had goblins been sporting with him in some awful dream. Then he knew that they had laid him down, but he remained as if stunned, with his eyes on the ground, incapable of thought and only half conscious that other men were in their turn being hoisted into view, that their "histories," half in jest, half in earnest, were being rolled off pell-mell, their virtues and their foibles laid bare, carelessly, in a quip, an anecdote, a flash of humor, sometimes gayly and charitably, sometimes with a harsh thrust or bludgeon-like blow. He half heard it all, his eyes saw dimly, and he moved mechanically with the other men, but the reality was half dream. He would have stolen away but for the fear of being seen and thought of once more. To him it mattered little that others had been held up naked before the world, nor was he in that moment of exaggerated anguish capable of any thought except that he had been put to eter-

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nal shame. Yet the tempest was mostly in his own soul, for the very crowd which an hour ago had laughed at his discomfiture was now intent on the doings of other men.

Another hour passed. The sun, which had been partly hidden by clouds, was beating down into the hollow square. Hundreds of fans were fluttering with the sparkle of iridescent wings, and the minutes that had flown uncounted into the past were beginning to drag at last. But the various historians read their collections of anecdotes with unflagging zeal to the very end. Then the students, many of whom could no longer endure to remain within their ovens of black wool and had turned their heavy mortarboards into fans, rose with a little shout of approval and began to file out through the four corners of the hollow square, joining their friends or scattering to their several abodes. It was then that Walton looked for his former pupil, but Brombey had slipped away to his mother's hotel, where he sank into a chair with his black gown still on, playing listlessly with

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the tassel of his mortar-board, and brooding still over the conclusion of his college life.

Presently his mother came in. "Why, Harold dear," she exclaimed, "how long have you been waiting here?"

"I don't know," he responded, "maybe half an hour."

"I was looking for you," she went on, "near the stands, and some one told me he had seen you coming this way. My poor child!" She flung her arms about him and they stood for a moment in silence. Then, drawing away a little, he looked at her with a vague smile. "Why, mother," he said, "everybody expects to get some kind of a roast. It was only a joke, you know, and lots of fellows caught it ever so much worse than I. Now, don't feel bad, mother." He put his arm about her and led her to a chair. "Can't you understand?" he went on. "Those fellows really didn't mean to do anything cruel. Besides, I don't care much anyway. What difference does it make, I'd like to know? Why, I have scarcely ever spoken to the man who said

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that, and he was never a friend of mine, and Walton knows it isn't true."

Thus Brombey rambled on, explaining and defending, stubbornly refusing to believe in a jest so grossly overbearing that it seemed to rob him of personality and soul. He went out at last, almost convinced that the conclusions to which his own desires had brought him were true. And his mother watched him from the windows of her room until he disappeared among the figures of other men whose steps were bent beneath the lengthening shadows of the elms.

It was at this moment that Mrs. Brombey found a genuine relief in tears.

PRINCETON

RAH, RAH, RAH, MURRAY

THE brakeman thrust his purple face in at the door and cast a ferocious glance over the occupants of the car. "Elizabeth!" he shouted. "Elizabeth! All out for Elizabeth!"

Then he withdrew his head, turned, and repeated his message to the passengers in the other car. In a moment came the little shock which told that the brakes had been applied, and the train, with shrieking wheels, stopped at the platform. Murray, thoroughly fatigued by his long journey, hurried down the steps for a moment's exercise. There was little worth looking at,—a low station, built to serve both the Pennsylvania and the Jersey Central in the acute angle where the roads crossed, and the inevitable crowd which finds peculiar pleasure in the bustle of arriving and departing trains,—so he employed

RAH, RAH, RAH, MURRAY

his time industriously stretching his legs up and down the platform until the conductor's warning cry brought him back to the train. He mounted the steps, and as it gathered headway paused for a single backward glance. A train was pulling in on the other track, and as he looked he saw a light figure bound through the waiting-room and across the platform at a pace bespeaking acquaintance with the cinder track. The runner sprang at the car-step, but fell short an inch, and hung dangling for an instant by one hand. Murray, with tingling nerves, stooped, caught him by the collar, and pulled him up.

The new-comer paused to brush the dust from his sleeve, and laughed as he looked into Murray's blanched face.

"Many thanks," he said lightly. "You did that very neatly. You've a good wrist. I thought perhaps I should fall short, and I counted on your helping me. I had to catch this train."

"But, good heavens!" gasped Murray. "Was it worth the risk?"

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The other laughed again.

“ Well, I’m always lucky,” he said. “ Come on in the smoker and talk it over.”

Murray followed him, wondering what manner of boy this was.

“ You see,” continued the other, as they settled into a seat, “ I’d have been all right, but our train lost three minutes at Plainfield getting a theatrical troupe on board. Some of the fellows are going to have a little blow-out down at Princeton to-night, and I have promised to be there. This is the last train that stops at the Junction.”

Murray looked at him quickly, bright-eyed.

“ Oh!” he cried. “ Are you going to Princeton too?”

“ Yes,” and he glanced at Murray with new interest. “ I’m Erdman, ’92. You’re ’94, I suppose?”

“ Ninety-four?” repeated Murray.

Erdman laughed again at his blank look. He kept on laughing as he produced a case and tenderly took from it a meerschaum pipe, colored

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to a deep brown. From another pocket he drew a tobacco-pouch, with an intricate monogram in orange on the back—the work of devoted feminine fingers. He filled the bowl and applied a match with a certain reverence, as of one who sets up a candle at a shrine. Still smiling, he took three or four rapid whiffs, then one long one, and watched the smoke as it circled slowly upward. At last he turned to Murray, who had watched this rite in silence.

“Pardon my frankness,” he said, “but you seem to have rather more to learn than most of the freshmen who come to Princeton. You’re from the West, aren’t you?”

“From Ohio,” answered Murray.

“Cleveland?—Cincinnati?”

“No. From Arcadia.”

Erdman choked on his smoke. He took his pipe from his mouth, rubbed the bowl against his nose, and gravely gazed at himself for a moment in its mirror-like surface.

“I forgot to ask your name,” he said at last.

“Murray—Bradford Murray.”

“Well, Murray, we won’t get to the Junction for half an hour yet, and out of gratitude for yanking me on board the train I’m going to occupy the time in telling you some of the things you don’t know about Princeton. Now listen to me. When I said a moment ago that I was Erdman, ’92, I meant that I belong to the class which, the faculty willing, graduates in 1892, and that in consequence I am at present a junior. Every man in college is known by his class. You will belong to ’94 if you succeed in passing the exams.”

“Oh, I have already done that,” cried Murray. “I took them last June at Cleveland.”

“Well,” said Erdman dryly, “that’s more than I could say when I entered, or for some time subsequent thereto. So you see you’ve a good start. Now we juniors are naturally your friends, from custom immemorial. That’s another reason I’m taking the trouble to explain all this to you. Ninety-three will also try to ex-

plain it to you, probably, but not quite so gently. Now the next thing for you to do is to let me put you down for Whig."

Murray maintained a discreet silence.

"There are no Greek-letter fraternities at Princeton," continued Erdman. "There was a rumpus of some kind years ago, and the faculty shut 'em out. But we have two literary societies,—the American Whig and Cliosophic,—and everybody who wants to do anything while he's at college has to join one of them. Really, there's not much difference between them, but a man wants to be in the hall that his friends are in,—and then too we've the brightest men in Whig—there's no question about that. Last year we took first and third Lynde, the Maclean, and first, second, and third J. O. How's that for a record?"

Murray, who was beginning to warm up in sympathy with this enthusiasm, agreed that it was very good indeed, and added that he should be pleased to become a member of so excellent a society. It was not until afterwards he learned

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that "J. O." is undergraduate for the Junior Orator medals.

Erdman nodded and went on with his lecture on college lore and campus etiquette, but at New Brunswick three other '92 men boarded the train, and Murray returned to his old seat in the rear car. Again there was the apparition of the brakeman at the door.

"Princeton Junction!" he shouted. "Change cars for Princeton."

Murray clutched his bag convulsively. Away off across the fields he caught a glimpse of a group of buildings almost hidden among the trees, and he drew a deep breath, watching them with unwinking eyes until the train stopped.

Then he hurried down the steps and out upon the platform. Erdman and the others had also left the train, and he followed them. Erdman, glancing back and seeing him coming after, waited for him and convoyed him safely through a crowd of fellows resplendent in orange and black, who glared at him ferociously.

"Those are sophomores," said Erdman in

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answer to his questioning look. "There is always one thing to remember about sophomores—their bark is worse than their bite. Now don't forget about Whig. If any of those Clio fellows get after you, just tell them you've made up your mind. Come to see me when you get time; I'm at 14 West Witherspoon," and with a friendly nod he disappeared into the coach after his companions.

Murray found himself a seat, and in a moment the train was off with a great rattle, up one grade and down another, around a sharp curve, across a bridge which spanned a canal, past the rear of a row of uninviting houses, through a deep cut with rain-furrowed sides of yellow clay. The fat conductor came around and took up his ticket, and the train stopped at another little frame station.

Murray was seized as soon as his feet touched the platform.

"You're going to join Clio, of course," remarked the man who had stopped him.

"No," said Murray, straightening up uncon-

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sciously, proud to know what he was talking about; "I've decided to join Whig."

He was permitted to pass, and mounted the steps which led to the campus with a new sense of his importance. He looked approvingly at the observatory, at the gymnasium, at Wither-spoon, and at the other dormitories, although he wondered at so many and so large buildings. He stopped to watch a group of fellows batting up flies—at least he could do that well. Back of Reunion two other groups were kicking a foot-ball back and forth.

"Tip your hat, freshman!" called one of them.

Murray stared at him in astonishment.

"I say, tip your hat," he called again, this time more insistently.

The others of the group were looking at him.

Of a sudden he understood, and, lifting his hat, he saluted them politely. He was smiling to himself as he walked on towards the college offices. It was his first taste of hazing, and he rolled it from side to side of his mouth with rare

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relish. He paused to admire the quadrangle and wonder what the cannon planted muzzle downward in the centre was for. Then he ran up the steps to the treasurer's office, signed the secret society pledge, and registered in his best hand,

“Bradford Murray, Arcadia, Ohio.”

The night was resonant with the sound of many voices.

“Ninety-four this way!” cried a chorus of six or seven.

Murray instinctively started towards them. Even one day on the campus had given him a pride in his class.

“What is it?” he asked, panting up, breathless.

“The rush,” some one answered, and without waiting to say more started up the yell again. Murray joined in without understanding in the least what it was all about—only it stirred his pulses to stand there and add his voice to that chorus.

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Gradually, from the bits of talk about him, he began to comprehend that the rush was a contest of some kind with the sophomores, and his heart leaped to a faster measure. Others of the class came running up by twos and threes and dozens, until Murray could not see the outskirts of the crowd.

“Now, fellows, the college yell! One, two, three!” cried a voice.

“Rah, rah, rah, tiger, siss, boom, ah! Princeton!” came the chorus, not quite together, perhaps, but with spirit unquestionable.

Murray felt his hands trembling and rammed them deep down in his pockets. It was the first time that sky-rocket cheer had ever crossed his horizon, and it stirred him strangely. Again they cheered and again, Murray joining in, faintly at first, until he was quite sure that he had it correctly, and then as loud as any. From away down the street came an answering yell, sharp and crisp, like an explosion of fire-crackers.

“That’s ’93,” said the boy next to him.

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"Now, fellows, fall in," and a dozen men ran along the lines, forming them into ranks—the juniors, somebody told him. The tallest and heaviest men were placed in front. Murray, envious, admiring, watched them.

"Better take off your caps, boys, if you want to keep them," remarked one of the juniors. Then away they went, lock-step, up Nassau Street, cheering like mad and with the townspeople looking on from either side. Past Dickinson Hall they turned, then to the right towards Old Chapel. Suddenly Murray felt that the front of the line had stopped.

"Push, fellows, push!" yelled somebody, and Murray pushed until his muscles cracked. The line buckled up on itself. Those in front were lifted off their feet and up into the air. Then something seemed to break somewhere, and the line was hurled forward.

"Good boys!" shouted an excited junior. "Keep it up! You've got 'em! You've got 'em!"

The freshmen answered as a barb the spur.

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A few sophomores clung to the cannon, fighting desperately, but were overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers. For a moment they were engulfed, blotted out. Then they shook off their assailants, drew away towards Reunion, and reformed. There was silence for an instant, then the rush of many feet. The freshman line was hurled back upon itself, broken in the middle and routed, no longer a unit, but a scrambling, disordered rabble. But hope springs eternal.

“Ninety-four, this way!” came the cry from Old Chapel. The freshmen were whipped into shape again. One big fellow was bleeding at the nose—he had been in the front rank, he said, had struck somebody’s head. He bore himself Bayard-like, while the others worshipped. In a moment they were aligned—in motion—tramp, tramp—and then came the crash as the classes met. Imagine the Imperial Guards at Waterloo, Pickett’s charge at Gettysburg, Persian and Greek at Marathon—to these boys this battle transcended them all. Murray set his teeth and dug his heels into the ground. He felt the line

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swaying, and arched his back to hold it. Those behind him arched their backs and set their teeth also. He realized dimly that he could not breathe, so terrific was the pressure—that he had not breathed for a long time. There were red lights dancing before his eyes, and he wondered how long it could endure. He edged one foot forward a little and got a new hold. Somebody reached over and struck him on the head, but he scarcely felt the blow. His tongue seemed to be swelling to an enormous size. He could hear the man in front of him gasping. Again he got his foot forward—again—again—hurrah! They were going! The rush was won!

Murray suddenly found himself confronting a screaming lunatic, who caught his hands and laughed into his face.

“Good boy!” he yelled, pumping his arms up and down. “I felt you pushing behind me like a locomotive. I’m Ramsdall, ’94. Shake!”

“And I’m Murray, ’94,” he answered. Somehow after that his name never seemed complete without the numeral at the end.

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“Come on up to my den and we’ll celebrate,” cried Ramsdall. He gathered together half a dozen others, and led them, rejoicing, to the fourth floor of West College, where by rare good fortune he had secured a room. And there Murray got his first taste of “Old Nassau” and the “Orange and the Black”—what a rare, inimitable flavor they had!—and of that best of all things, class friendship. As he crossed the campus, an hour later, roomward bound, there was a new thought singing in his head—he was not only Princeton, he was ’94. He had rejoiced because he was a man with a College. He rejoiced now because he was also a man with a Class.

Days, weeks, and months flew past, replete with rare delight. In the class-room or out of it there was an atmosphere new to Murray—an atmosphere bracing to manliness, truth, sincerity, which no one could escape without deliberate and great effort. The college year unfurled before him—the cane-sprees at midnight

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on the grass in front of Witherspoon under the weird green light from the balconies, the daily post-luncheon journey down muddy William Street to 'Varsity field to watch the team at practice, the progression of the season to the final disastrous Thanksgiving Day game with Yale, the work in class and hall—the whole splendid panorama which makes campus life the warm and living thing it is. It was at this time too that a great mass-meeting was held in Old Chapel and the faculty petitioned to hold all examinations upon the honor system, without let or hindrance, guard or supervision—a petition which was granted, and which must have done much towards the truer development of every man in college.

Murray came gradually to know his mates from meeting them at class and at certain gatherings on the canal-bank or in the graveyard presided over by '93. The effect of these last was wholly salutary, for they taught him many lessons in humility and self-control which otherwise he must have gone without. And one other

thing they did—they proved the great and lasting value of a sense of humor.

Nor did Erdman forget him. He welcomed him to his rooms in Witherspoon,—rooms which made the visitor open his eyes, so luxurious, so individual, so eminently collegiate were they,—saw that he got into a good eating club, and, more valuable than all, made his way smooth by certain bits of timely advice, dropped unobtrusively. Murray soon found out that Erdman was quite a power in the college world—a member of the Tiger Inn, sure of making the Lit. because of a facility in writing airy rhyme, assistant manager of the athletic association, which meant that he would be manager in his senior year. He was a good man to know, and Murray blessed the chance that had thrown them together.

It was early in the spring, while he was playing a scrub game back of Edwards, that Murray's great opportunity came. He had been placed at second base, and handled the ball with a facility born of experience on the town con-

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mon at home. He was conscious that he was playing better than his comrades, and in consequence played better still. Up on the terrace near Witherspoon a tall fellow was lounging, smoking a pipe and watching the game through half-closed eyes. Once or twice the ball got past the catcher and bounded up near him, but he made no movement to throw it back, nor did the catcher seem to expect it, but came after it himself, patiently, each time.

Something in the game below seemed to arrest his attention, and presently he sat up in order that he might watch it more closely. Murray, glancing at him then, saw that it was Erdman, who nodded to him pleasantly. When the game was over, he chanced to glance that way again and saw that Erdman was beckoning.

“Why didn’t you tell me that you could play ball?” he questioned severely, as Murray came up. “Where did you learn?”

“On the team at home,—what little I know,” answered Murray, red to the ears with pleasure.

“Have you a suit? No? Well, come down

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to the cage to-morrow morning, and I guess we can fix you out. Can you come?"

"Can I?" echoed Murray.

Erdman smiled as he looked into the other's eager face.

"Mind," he said, "I'm not making any promises. Maybe you'll make the team, probably you won't,—freshmen very rarely do,—but you'll be in training for next year, when we'll need men badly."

And every day after that, until the weather permitted out-door practice, Murray was in the cage with the other candidates, taking his turn at picking up the grounders that came whirling from King's bat. He was a little awkward at first, but improved gradually, and it was finally announced that while he wasn't quite good enough for a place on the team, he would do very well as substitute—which was quite as much honor as a freshman could expect.

There was a great change in his life after that. He ate at the training-table, was received on terms of equality by the upper-classmen, and

idolized a little by his own classmates, for it was certain that he would make the team next season. It was very pleasant to go with the team on its little trips and to play in some of the less important games, when Baird had his finger hurt and Newton sprained his ankle and Young went stale and had to rest for a week. The season was to end with the series of three games with Yale, and early in June they journeyed to New Haven, where they won the first game very handily by the score of five to three, although Murray's part was a wholly passive one. The team was welcomed back to Princeton with much shouting and settled down for a week of hard, steady practice. The week was the more trying since the examinations were also in progress, occupying every morning, and Murray, who knew that at Arcadia scholarship was held more highly than proficiency in ball-playing, labored savagely at his books with second group in view. But Friday night came at last, and the team was sent to bed early to be in shape for the great event of the morrow.

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Saturday, the tenth of June, dawned clear and bright. A great day for the game, Murray decided, as he hurried over to the training-table for breakfast. He found every one there in great good-humor. Erdman was especially gay, for fine weather meant a big attendance, and a big attendance meant correspondingly big receipts, and perhaps two or three of the many improvements the management was always thinking about.

"What have you got to do for the next hour or so, Murray?" asked Erdman, coming over to him when the meal was ended.

"Not a thing on earth," and Murray stretched his arms with a delicious sense of freedom. "Not a thing on earth until eleven o'clock, when we have a short practice."

Erdman got out his beloved pipe and started it going.

"Well," he said at last, "come for a walk. My sister gets in on the nine-o'clock train and I want that you should meet her. Father can't get here until the eleven-o'clock special, so I'll

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have to look out for her till then, and maybe I'll be busy."

"All right," assented Murray, mentally deciding that Erdman's sister was doubtless sedate and middle-aged—married, perhaps. Together they made their way down William Street, across the campus, and so to the station. The train was pulling in as they reached it.

"There she is," said Erdman, nodding towards an excited young lady, who was waving her handkerchief frantically from the coach window. "It's her first visit to Princeton," he added apologetically, "and you mustn't mind if she's a little excited. She's Princeton through and through."

Before Murray could answer the train had stopped, and there appeared in the door-way and came floating down the steps a Vision that took his breath away—a Vision the component parts of which, as he saw them in that moment, were a pair of bright brown eyes, a wealth of brown hair that glinted in the sun, and a swirl of organdie skirts. The Vision threw its arms

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about Erdman's neck and hugged him vigorously.

"Oh, Max!" she cried, and kissed him.

"There, there, Nan," gasped Erdman, looking around sheepishly to see if any one was laughing—they were not, they were all spell-bound in envy. "Here, I want you to meet Murray. Murray, this is my sister, Eleanor."

Murray, who had forgotten to breathe, became suddenly conscious of the fact that his attire was far from *de rigueur*—it was the first time he had thought of it for eight months. But the Vision looked at him approvingly.

"I am very glad to meet Mr. Murray," she said composedly, and held out her hand.

Murray heard his voice answering her. What he said he could not even guess, for that warm little hand in his—so soft, so delicate—commanded absolutely every shred of his attention. They got up the steps to the campus, somehow, and while Erdman was pointing out the various buildings he had time to shake himself together by stern treatment. It was in front of the gym-

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nasium they met Huston, the head and front of the athletic association, his hands full of papers and desperation in his eye.

"See here, Erdman," he began, "what are we going to do about those seats '81 wants? It's their decennial, you know, and I'd like to treat the old fellows well."

Erdman cast a deprecatory glance at his sister.

"Nan," he said, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me for a while. I dare say Murray can show you about."

"Very well," responded the Vision very primly, and stood for a moment watching him as he strode away with Huston, while Murray blessed his luck. "Perhaps you also have something to do, Mr. Murray?" she asked with a dangerous light in her eyes. "I assure you, I am quite old enough to find my way about."

"I haven't a thing to do," answered Murray promptly and with the utmost positiveness. "I can't think of anything I'd like to do better than show you the campus."

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She glanced at him suspiciously, saw he was in earnest, and relented a little.

“What is it you want to see first?” he asked. “Nassau Hall?”

She shook her head, laughing.

“I suppose it is blasphemy,” she said, “but it is not Nassau Hall.”

“Marquand Chapel? The library? The cannon? McCosh Walk?”

But she shook her head at all of them.

“No, it is none of these,” she laughed. “It is President’s Row.”

It was his turn to laugh now.

“Very well,” he said, “we will go to President’s Row.”

But it was Nassau Hall she saw first, for they had to cross the campus in front of it to get to Witherspoon Street, which leads down to the graveyard. And she found the old weather-beaten, gray, stone building worth stopping a moment to admire.

“And to think,” she commented, “that it was once the largest building in the colonies!”

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President's Row charmed her into silence. Even Murray, who had other things to think about, felt the fragrant atmosphere about that long line of ivy-circled graves, with their great slabs and their portentous inscriptions—Witherspoon and Dickinson and Edwards and the elder Burr, with the gravestone of his misguided, brilliant son upright at the end. It was at Edwards's grave she paused.

“ ‘Reverendi admodum viri, Jonathan Edwards, A.M.,’ ” she read. “What does that mean?”

“To that very respected man, Jonathan Edwards,” answered Murray, rejoiced that his Latin went so far. “It's a sort of form. You see nearly all the inscriptions begin that way. Just as they always put ‘heu nimis brevis!’ after the age, no matter how old they were.”

She glanced down the long inscription, covering the whole slab, and Murray Englished it as well as his halting Latin would permit.

“I have been reading about him,” she said, when he had ended. “I think he was the finest

of them all. Like Washington, he was a martyr to mediæval surgery."

"How? Bled to death?"

"No. There were some cases of small-pox in Princeton and he was vaccinated. He died of it. So did his daughter."

She sat down upon the slab and looked about her.

"It is a pleasant place," she said. "I should think you would often come here."

"I did come here quite frequently," answered Murray dryly, "just after I entered college. I used to climb up there on Aaron Burr's gravestone and sing 'Nearer to Thee.' You can see how it's chipped at the corners."

She looked at him in amazement.

"What on earth did you do that for?" she asked.

He laughed at her astonishment. He was beginning to feel quite at ease.

"There were always a number of fellows who seemed anxious to hear me sing," he said. "They were '93 men. They usually preferred

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the hour of midnight for the serenades, and ghostly garb."

She gazed at him, her eyes dilated with horror.

"Oh," she gasped at last, "is that the way they haze?"

"That's one way. There are others."

"And did you like it?"

"No, I didn't exactly like it," answered Murray slowly, "but I didn't mind it much. One thing, it taught me not to be afraid of ghosts. I had to laugh, too, at some of the things they made us do, and none of them did us any harm."

She sat looking at him for a moment, her lips smiling.

"Do you know," she said, "there is something distinctive in the air here. I feel it already. Perhaps it comes from these men,—a sort of ideal, you know,—something a little finer than one gets anywhere else. When I was a very little girl I used to think that the prizes in the humanities were for goodness and charity and mercy, or something of that sort. I was

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terribly disappointed when I found they were only for Greek and Latin."

She paused, abashed at her own eloquence or at Murray's eyes, which had got for an instant beyond his control. She was more of a Vision than ever.

"Yet Greek and Latin aren't half bad," he said, trying to help her on.

"I know," she assented, "but I'm always looking for Princeton men to do something more than that—something with a touch of chivalry in it. Max calls me an 'impractical idealist,' but I don't care," and she shook her head aggressively.

Murray would have liked to tell her what he thought, but he choked back the words that trembled on his lips. Perhaps she saw her danger, for as they started back towards the campus she turned the talk to lighter things.

'Varsity field was a maelstrom of human beings. Special after special from New York, New Haven, Philadelphia, had labored up to

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the station and disgorged its load of gray-haired alumni and their wives and pretty daughters. Down Nassau Street they thronged, down William Street, in at the gate and then to the grand stand or great bleachers which stretched to north and east of the field. The one to the east was for Yale, and was a mass of violets and blue banners. The one to the north was for Princeton, and there tall, slender tiger-lilies and dark-centred daisies flourished. Still the crowd kept coming, until the stands overflowed and the people backed up against the fences as the tide against a quay. There were cheers and cheers—a babel of ten thousand human voices. Small wonder the women's cheeks grew rosy and their eyes bright.

The teams appeared, amid frenzied acclaim, and went to work limbering up, the infield stopping grounders, the outfield catching flies. A great torrent of sound floated out over the field, covering it like a blanket. Venerable alumni turned purple in the face, undergraduates went mad. Then suddenly there came an instant's

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breathless silence. The two captains had got together and were tossing up a penny in the presence of the umpire. Princeton won and took the field.

Frenzy from the north bleacher.

Defiance from the east.

“Play ball!” cried the umpire. The game was on. Ten thousand people drew a deep breath and waited.

The first man up struck out, the second knocked a slow ball down to third and was put out at first, the third lifted a long fly out into centre-field. Yale went mad. Princeton held its breath. It was a wonderful thing to see Ramsdall, the centre-fielder, the instant he saw the ball leave the bat, turn and sprint out into the field. Lucky for Princeton that he held the record of ten and a quarter seconds for the hundred yards, else that ball would have fallen far beyond him. He watched it over his shoulder as he ran—and Princeton shuddered at the thought that he might stumble. Up, up it flew, in a long, graceful curve, then gradually down

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again—would he get it?—would he get it?—now! He leaped into the air and caught it as it whirled above his head. Even Yale cheered. And what a reception he got when he came in to take his turn at bat! Murray, sitting on the bench with the other substitutes, tried to think what he would not give to win a reception like that.

It was not until the last half of the eighth that either side succeeded in getting a man home. Then Princeton, by a series of well-timed hits, brought in Smith, the stocky little second baseman—but at a sacrifice. For as he threw himself at the home plate, in desperate effort to reach it ahead of the ball, which he knew was hurtling after, his right hand doubled under him.

“It’s pretty badly wrenched,” he said ruefully to Robinson, the trainer.

Robinson rubbed it for a moment, with knitted eyebrows.

“How bad is it?” asked the captain, coming up.

“It’s so bad,” said Robinson curtly, “that he

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won't be able to play any more this game, and maybe not any more this season."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Smith, white to the lips; but without waiting to listen to his protests, Robinson, who was a thorough autocrat in his particular sphere, walked him away towards the club-house.

The captain ran his eyes anxiously over the group on the substitutes' bench. For a moment he seemed undecided.

"Murray," he called at last, "take Smith's place at second."

Murray sprang to his feet with face aflame and peeled off his sweater. His chance had come at last.

But Yale was not yet beaten. She had braced up in the last inning, just as she always does. Three safe singles filled the bases. The east bleacher was a mass of cheering, crazy humanity. Then Young took a new grip on the ball and struck out two men. Cheers from the north bleacher with Young's name on the end. Murray felt his knees beginning to tremble under

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the strain. The next man up was known to be weak, and the captain motioned the outfield in until they were not more than thirty feet from the diamond.

“Strike!”

Cheers from the north bleacher.

“Ball!”

Cheers from the east.

Murray stamped his feet and took a new hold on himself.

“Strike two!”

Pandemonium from the north.

“Rah, rah, rah, Young!”

Bang! went the bat against the ball. Each of the Yale runners sprinted for the next base. The ball hurtled over Murray's head into the outfield. He saw Ramsdall going after it with great strides, and he felt the Yale runner bearing down upon him. Would Ramsdall never get there? He had it! Here it came high in the air—too high. Murray reached up and caught it—seized it, rather; his hand swept down towards the stooping runner.

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“Out!” cried the umpire.

Princeton went mad at the word. Cheers, yells, flags waving—and then “Rah, rah, rah, Murray!”

Murray felt a kind of dizziness as he heard that cheer. There was intoxication in it.

But the Yale runner had leaped to his feet with flaming eyes.

“I am not out!” he cried. “He did not touch me.”

The umpire smiled and looked at Murray, who turned pale under his questioning glance.

“I’m always looking for Princeton men to do something more than that—something with a touch of chivalry about it.” Where had he heard that? Oh, yes—he remembered. Some power greater than himself opened his lips.

“He is right, Mister Umpire,” he said; “I did not touch him.”

The official’s eyes widened in amazement. This was something new in his experience.

“Very well,” he said slowly, at last, “I

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reverse my decision then. The runner is safe."

The Yale man, with face alight, held out his hand to Murray.^a

"Shake hands," he said. "That was fine. I am proud to know you."

It was the gray-haired alumni in the grand stand who first caught the spirit of the thing and began to cheer in their slow, old-fashioned way. Then the Yale bleacher caught it up, and finally the bleacher on the north, where the lilies and daisies were.

And there a certain pair of brown eyes grew suddenly dim with tears, a certain pair of red lips began to tremble suspiciously, a certain warm little heart grew very tender and promised itself to be very nice to Mr. Murray.

But Murray, gulping down his sobs in the dressing-room ten minutes later, knew nothing of all that. Yale had won by the score of two to one, and all because of him. Oh, why had not the ball come an instant sooner?

"Never mind, old man," said the captain,

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clapping him on the shoulder, "we'll win the series yet, and win it fairly."

And, let it be added here, they did.

Murray sat alone in his room until it was quite dark, thinking it all over. At last he could endure his loneliness no longer, and he put on his hat and went down into the street. As he neared the campus, he heard the sound of many voices singing together. It was the seniors on the steps of Nassau Hall. He could not distinguish the words, but the air told him what they were, and he sang them to himself, under his breath:

"Although Yale has always favored
The violet's dark blue,
And the many sons of Harvard
To the crimson rose are true,
We will own the lilies slender,
Nor honor shall they lack,
While the tiger stands defender
Of the orange and the black."

As he reached the front campus the full melody of the song burst upon him, and he paused

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for a moment, enchained by the beauty of the scene. Away on either hand, just visible through the darkness, stretched the sturdy old building which Washington had cannonaded a century and more before. The steps, flanked on either side by a crouching lion, were crowded with the members of the senior class. Under the tall elms were gathered the underclassmen, their pipes and cigarettes glimmering like fire-flies through the darkness. Low trills of girlish laughter told of others who were there with them.

Murray threaded his way among the groups, "star-scattered on the grass," looking for an unoccupied tree against which he could rest undisturbed.

"Mr. Murray," called a low voice at his side.

He started and looked down. He could see faintly a white face raised to his, and he caught a faint breath of perfume.

"Miss Eleanor," he said, and stopped, irresolute.

RAH, RAH, RAH, MURRAY

She patted the grass beside her with a determined little hand.

“Here, sit down by me,” she commanded.

He obeyed her, astonished at this sudden encounter, at the tones in her voice which he had never heard before.

“Now, Max, you may go,” she said, turning composedly to her brother, who had been sitting with her. “You have been dying to get away this half-hour. Don’t deny it.”

Erdman laughed, got lazily to his feet, and disappeared in the darkness. They were alone together—alone no less because all about them was the murmur of many voices.

“I have been looking for you,” she said at last. “I have been wishing that you might come by.”

“It was that which drew me towards you,” he said with deep conviction.

“I wanted to tell you,” she continued in a softer tone, “how your bravery this afternoon touched me and pleased me. I even thought you

RAH, RAH, RAH, MURRAY

may have remembered that talk we had together, with Jonathan Edwards listening."

"I did remember it," he said. "If I had not remembered it, I should have said nothing. I am not sure I should dare to do it again—perhaps I did not have the right to do it. Somehow, to-day, I could not help it."

For a moment she looked away from him, out under the trees.

"The right to do it?" she repeated.

"The right to defeat our team."

"Do you call it a defeat?" she asked softly, leaning towards him. "I do not. I call it a victory—a Princeton victory—one of the kind worth winning."

His hands were trembling—he could not trust himself to speak. But in that moment, looking at her, he decided that life was worth living, after all.

PENNSYLVANIA

SMITH OF "PENNSYLVANIA"

HE came to the University distinguished by his lack of distinction. In the ruck of freshmen who streamed from the four quarters of the globe through the gaps in the clipped hedge into College Hall he was a unit, nothing more. His name was William Smith, and his father's name William Smith, of a place up in the State which one heard of only to forget. He was below middle height, sparely built, with sandy hair and skin and blue eyes that were—cheerful.

His entrance into College Hall was neither timid nor pretentious. Therefore he escaped the shocking threats delivered at those freshmen whose faces wore a sickly smile intended to be propitiatory, and was immune from the withering remarks levelled at those of arrogant mien or whose serious thoughts made them blind to

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the gentlemen lounging about them in a double row and making plain that, to their minds, this was the most entertaining circus that had come to town for some time. William Smith, knowing no one, went where he was told to go and did what he was bid—at first. When he had decided which commands were to be resisted, which ignored, and which obeyed, William Smith changed from a nobody to an entity, and became a leader in his class.

This transformation, in its inception, was the more strange because William Smith had neither a big fist, a big voice, nor more than a fair share of brains. Nevertheless, it was he who first avenged the freshman whose book-bag a knot of sophomores had seen fit to seize; it was he who, in those early days, shinned up the flag-pole topping College Hall, and fastened at the peak a flag bearing his class insignia. It was he too who directed the organization of his class, and dared to defy the sophomore prohibition of canes among freshmen; and it was he who, in February, with a luck that was providential,—for

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his class,—secured the "third lowest honor," and thereby became entitled to the proud distinction of "bowl man."

Now, the "bowl man" at Pennsylvania shares with the "bowl"—a dish made of dovetailed pieces of hard wood, decorated with class and society emblems, and warranted to stand rough usage—the doubtful honor of being the bone of contention between two bodies of young men. One of these bodies is of sophomores, who are intent on placing the bowl man in the bowl without allowing the bowl to be smashed; the other is composed of freshmen, who are determined to keep the bowl man apart from the bowl, and to crack the bowl into as many small bits as may be. The effect of all this on the bowl is trifling; the effect on the bowl man is dismemberment at the worst, the tortures of the inquisitorial rack at the least.

William Smith went into the fight nerved by a desire to provide the excuse for his class whipping the sophomores and guarded by a score of young men whose eyes flashed fire. From these

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last he was soon borne away and stood on his head, and for a period thereafter almost believed that he had become a centipede, and that countless limbs were being torn from him. Then he was suddenly crushed to earth, and for half an hour lay on his stomach under fifty men, while those outside hunted for him.

When next William Smith began to take notice of things he was in a clean, white cot where the air was charged with iodoform, and he wondered until he looked through a long window by his bedside. A hundred yards away he could see a big, greenish stone building, clad with vines, which he recognized as College Hall; and nearer he saw a building of gray stone which he knew was Houston Hall, and he identified the rows of poplars which lined the pebbled drive and the clang of the trolley-car gong on Spruce Street. Recollection of a bowl fight came to him, and he made guesses as to who had won it.

But when he got out of the University Hospital and found that neither side had won that

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memorable fight, he decided that something must have been lacking in his individual efforts, and for the purpose of better fitting himself for such efforts began to haunt the gymnasium and there build up his strength. The apparatus became warm with his grasp, and he was quite proud of his accomplishments until that day when a slender, smooth-faced, youngish-looking man sauntered up and asked him something about the machine which registered the strength of the back and legs. William Smith explained, and the youngish-looking man followed instructions. He did right well too, for he lifted about three hundred pounds more than William Smith had done. When the other had gone William Smith inquired the cause of the snicker among those who looked on, and a junior was good enough to tell him. He said, "That pupil of yours is called Professor Bailey—in the classroom. He was champion light-weight wrestler and all-around strong man at Harvard—five years ago."

The incident did William Smith good; it was

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a big step in his college education, which was progressing rapidly. To be sure, in the classroom he remained an average man, and, even in the number of regulations he broke, was not far behind the leaders. But there were other things than these, and, for freshmen, William Smith became an inspiration, if not an oracle. His clay-colored head and his high-pitched, earnest voice were the signals for prompt attention at the meetings of his class.

Pomp, who had consented to occupy the office of college janitor for years unnumbered and whose hair was only a shade blacker than his face, christened William Smith "De Crank." Pomp had privileges other than those of answering the big gong in the hall and wearing a black ribbon and a huge silver watch, and these privileges were patent in his speech. "D' y' tink I'se a fool?" was his favorite retort to freshmen who tried their blandishments upon him. But even his throaty chuckle had less of scorn in it when William Smith was in question. There was something in that confident voice and the

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assurance of those cheerful blue eyes that made refusal of Smith's requests impossible.

So by the end of freshman year William Smith had established himself in college and was pretty well known. He took all of his humiliations with philosophy, that was one thing. If he was disappointed that he could get nothing better than a substitute's place on the freshman crew in the spring, he did not show it, but went to bed earlier than did the rest of the men, and pulled Ellis Ward, the trainer, about in the two-oared gig patiently, and ran all sorts of errands, and did not complain. In June he sang conscientiously but dreadfully out of tune in the chorus of the "Mask and Wig" extravaganza at the Broad-Street Theatre and labored to make his step as light as those of his fellow-dancers of more experience or gifts; and he laughed as hard as any at the breaks he made.

It was as a sophomore that William Smith first recognized that, after all, the class was but a unit of the University. This came to him earlier than to most others because he was a pioneer

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and an executive by temperament; and once he understood the demands which the University had upon him, he planned only how his class might contribute to the good of Pennsylvania and how he might aid in the work personally. To this end he offered himself as a victim on the "scrub" against the onslaughts of the University foot-ball squad, and was pace-maker on the track for better men, day after day, though he hadn't a ghost of a chance for a place on the team, and knew it. He too led the cheering at games, and labored with "Meds" and "Dentals" and "Horse Doctors" to try for the various teams.

But he never wore the University's colors as its representative on the field.

He would work as hard as the most successful of them; he limped around and was knocked down in practice. When the day of the actual contest came the outward tribute to his zeal was six sweaters, which he wore one over the other, or carried on his shoulders as he sat at the edge of the field, or hung over the rail of a tug which

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kept as close as regulations permitted to the eight flashing blades ahead.

Away down in his heart, now and then, there was an ache which his optimism and intense admiration of Pennsylvania did not quite balm. But no one would ever have guessed this from his face or words. At first they twitted him about his non-success, and called him "Side Lines" and "Chopping Block" and "Forlorn Hope," pleasantries at which he would laugh shortly and his eyes kindle.

"All right," he would answer; "put on a suit and come out! I'll show you how we play at Pennsylvania! That's *your* college, you know!"

The retort made some of the idlers wince; it passed completely over the heads of others. But gradually it sank into the minds of even the most trifling of these that William Smith was doing a good deal for Pennsylvania, though he didn't get a medal.

Then, one day, some one indicated William Smith to an outsider, and was asked who Smith was. Whereupon he exclaimed:

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"Smith! Smith! Why, surely you've heard of Smith?"

The listener laughed. "I've heard of a good many of them."

"But not of one like ours," returned the other man. "*This* is Smith of 'Pennsylvania'!"

"Smith of 'Pennsylvania.'" So nicknamed William Smith remained. When he first heard of it Smith remarked, "Another horse on me, I suppose," but he was pleased immensely when he found that the appellation was adopted by common consent, and that no satire underlay it. When it first appeared in print, in *The Pennsylvanian*, he cut out the reference and put it away. He was shamefaced, but there was a queer little thrill at his heart. Perhaps he did not realize until this crumb of gratitude was offered him just how hungry he was for the recognition that others got, but which was always out of his reach. Smith of "Pennsylvania" had not the consolation of conceit, and so, even with a wide acquaintance, he indulged in some pondering in secret.

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This habit was largely responsible for his friendship with Dick Lambert. Lambert had entered the University in Smith's junior year. His kind is to be found in almost every freshman class, but rarely, if ever, in a sophomore class. They have an effective way in college of sweetening what are colloquially known as "Sour Balls." And the object of this system, though he may feign to ignore the sugared satire, loses his acidity in the end, nine times out of ten. In Richard Lambert's case, however, the treatment he got from those whose advances he rebuffed only made him more morose and solitary. If he had been handled more delicately—— But the college man has small faith in delicate handling. So Lambert came to be regarded a good deal as is a surly dog, and by his sophomore year was let severely alone.

Smith had heard of Lambert and had seen him, as he did a hundred other men without knowing much about them. Then, one day in the early autumn, while sitting in the Library at a table near one of the alcoves, he overheard

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the low-toned conversation of two men back of him.

"Ask Lambert in? Not on your life," said one. "You'd get no thanks from him, and the other men 'd raise a howl. Nobody wants him, and it serves him right."

"He's pretty well queered himself, that's so," rejoined the other man. "And yet, perhaps, if one knew him——"

"Who'd try to—any more? He's too ugly. He hasn't got a friend in the University, it's my opinion. He lives by himself, over on Chestnut Street, and nobody's been in his room even, so far as I know. What he came here for is a mystery."

Smith looked at the last speaker. It was Jim Price, a good fellow. Something made Smith speak up. "Aren't you rather hard on Lambert?" he remarked. "I overheard what you said."

"Everybody says the same thing," answered Price. "Lambert's no good. Try him and see."

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"I've a mind to," said Smith slowly. "You fellows have gone at him in the wrong way."

"I guess not," returned Price. With his companion, he got up and strolled away.

Smith returned to his book, and a minute later some one spoke to him. He looked up. It was Lambert.

He was short and stockily built, with pale skin and dark hair. His brows were heavy, and something pulled perpetually at the corners of his mouth. But just now his eyes had light in them and a smile had dispossessed the customary scowl.

"I was in that alcove back of you," he explained. "I heard what was said. I'm much obliged to you." He held out his hand.

Smith grasped it. He was red. "I didn't say anything much—but—what I said I—meant," he replied. Then, after an awkward pause, "I've got to go over to my rooms now. Won't you come and—smoke a pipe with me?"

"I can't—just now," Lambert replied quickly.

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"Why not?" And when Lambert's face began to harden with suspicion, "Come over to-night, then. I'll be alone. You know where I am: 'Smith'—one hundred and twelve."

Lambert hesitated. But Smith's frank eyes and something that tugged at his own heart made him say, "All right, I'll come if you'll be alone." With a nod he walked away.

But that evening he came into Smith's rooms. Smith occupied with Harvey Collis, a senior, a suite of three rooms on the ground floor, on the north side of the Triangle, a few doors above where now stands Memorial Gate with its vaulted arches and domes. From the back windows one could look up and down Woodland Avenue. In front the deep-set bow-window opened on the shaven sward of the Triangle, diamonded with walks. To-night the windows of the three stories of the dormitories opposite winked in the light of the lamps which burned above every entrance, and shadows played about the low-arched doorways, set in stone, and

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chased over the quaint fronts of the buildings with their gables and pitched roofs.

The interior of the rooms made Lambert stand and gaze for a moment in silent wonder, while Smith was urging him to come right in. The broad bench that almost filled the window recess was piled thickly with cushions; flames danced in the brick fireplace and threw ruddy lights on the rugs, the big lounging-chairs, the book-cases, and the broad table, with its litter of books and papers and odds and ends. Everywhere on the walls were banners, a few pictures, college trophies, and photographs. Lambert knew that these must be souvenirs of three years in college. He contrasted it with his own inhospitable room in the Chestnut Street boarding-house, and the idea which lately had been growing upon him was deepened. College life had little meaning for him. It was his own fault too—partly.

Smith, watching him, guessed a part of what was passing in his mind. When he had Lambert in a big chair by the fire he offered him a pipe.

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But Lambert did not smoke, and, cheerful and tactful as his host was, he found himself hard pressed by the other's moodiness and brief replies. But that only made him redouble his efforts, and gradually his geniality, coupled with the crackling fire, thawed out Lambert's reserve, and they were talking more easily.

When Lambert left that night Smith had learned that he was right in his conjecture as to the reason of Lambert's unpopularity. The rest had gone at him in the wrong way. Lambert was sensitive, and, despite his forbidding manner, was quicker to see a taunt than a rough-and-ready invitation to friendship in the greetings they had given him. Lambert had disclosed enough to show that he was fairly starving for companionship.

Lambert's visit that night was only the beginning. Smith called on him a few days later, and what he did not see in the other's room opened his heart wide. When Commencement came round Lambert and he understood each other. And the next autumn, Collis having left

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college, they took Smith's old rooms together. They got along capitally, too—by themselves. But after a dozen ineffectual efforts to make Lambert popular with the rest of the men, Smith gave up the attempt. It was not possible to coax Lambert to meet them half way, and more than half way the others would not go. "Smith and his Wife" they called the two. "And Smith's hen-pecked like the devil," they would add. They alluded to Smith's self-imposed efforts to "civilize" Lambert as "The Taming of the Shrew," or "Why Smith Left Home," cheap witticisms which Smith laughed at and tried to keep from Lambert. But Lambert heard of them, and Smith had hard work to persuade him not to change his quarters at once.

Smith was particularly happy this autumn, for, while it was his last year in the University, it seemed likely that it would bring to him one of the things for which he had so longed. In brief, when the foot-ball season opened Smith was the man who, from long experience on the

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foot-ball field, was considered the most promising candidate for the position of quarter-back on the University eleven. In his heart Smith revelled in delight over this, and in the letters which he wrote to a certain girl in the country town from which he came he unconsciously voiced enough of his joy to convince her that, of all the honors conferred by Pennsylvania on her faithful sons, none was to be compared with that which had come to Smith.

Nor was there any jealousy of Smith's happiness. Every fellow who knew him said the same thing: "I'm glad Smith of 'Pennsylvania' has that place, for he certainly deserves it; but——"

Smith himself supplied the words unspoken in this exception. "I'm not fast enough for quarter-back, and I can't work up speed," he would say, and smile. But it was a sorry smile, for he told the exact truth about himself, and everybody knew it. Steady, alert, hard-working, clear-headed, and plucky, he could not travel over the ground fast enough or pass the ball

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quick enough to be a first-class quarter-back. He was the weak spot in an otherwise strong eleven. Moreover, his weakness was as inevitable as was the lack of a better man to take his place.

An early game of the season—it was with one of the smaller colleges—extinguished what lingering hopes Smith may have had. Pennsylvania won the game, but its play was lamentably loose, and Smith knew, as did the rest, that his slowness was responsible for this.

That evening, as soon as Woolston, the coach, had finished his "lecture" to the men, Smith left the training-quarters and went to his own room. He was sore in body from the desperate plunges he had made again and again that afternoon to retrieve blunders that had resulted from his slowness, but he was sorer in heart from a realization of his weakness. The words with which the men tried to comfort him cut him. It seemed to him that they were pitying him, and he could not stand pity.

Lambert was busy on a problem in mathe-

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matics—mathematics was a fad of his—when Smith came into the study, and only said "Hello!" in an abstracted voice. But, presently, when Smith passed into his bedroom and stayed there, Lambert got up and followed him.

"I saw you play to-day," he said. "And you don't want to be down-hearted. You'll round into shape."

"What's that?" asked Smith. Then, suddenly realizing that Lambert was talking football, "Why, what do *you* know about the game?"

The remark was not meant ungraciously, and Lambert did not misunderstand it. "I know a little," he returned. "I know enough to feel sure that you'll come into shape."

"You never told me that you'd played. Where did you play?"

"Three years ago—before I came here, of course. It was up the State. I played quarterback, and they used to say I could play some. At any rate, I've always taken a good deal of interest in the game."

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"You played *quarter-back!*" repeated Smith incredulously. His own misery was forgotten for the instant. He ran his eye over Lambert's figure as if the latter was a horse under inspection. Then a light flashed into his face. "Yes," he said slowly, half to himself, "you're built for quarter-back, and as hard as nails too. What an ass I am never to have suspected it! But you said nothing."

"I've done with foot-ball—as far as playing goes. But that isn't saying I've forgotten everything. And *you'll* do the trick yet."

Smith, brought sharply back to the subject of his own limitations, smiled. "No," he returned, "that's not going to be. Everybody else knows it, and so do I. It's not in me to move faster. But, well,—thank you, just the same."

The result of the game with Chicago convinced Lambert—if he had not been sure all along—that Smith was right. For all his energy, nerve, and honest effort, Smith at quarter-back nearly lost the day for Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania players left the grounds in dogged

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silence. The facts clinched the forebodings of two weeks back and chilled the enthusiasm of every Pennsylvania sympathizer. Woolston, with grim face, walked back to the training-house. There was no use of "dressing down" Smith, he decided. Indeed, he could only feel sorry for the latter. But the team *must* be strengthened at quarter-back.

At eight o'clock that evening Jim Price stuck his head in at Smith's door. "Come on!" he called; "the crowd's coming in. And we've got to make it a 'go' to-night."

Smith came to the door of his bedroom. "Can't do it, old man," he answered. "I'm—well, my head's knocked out to-night. I'm going to bed."

Price stood where he was a moment, wondering; then, understanding a little of how matters stood, said he was sorry, and went away.

Lambert was in his own room. Smith walked to the windows of the study. At the far end of the Triangle he could see the men gathering.

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Outside of the sharp circles of light cast by the electric lamps the archway opening on the Little Quad loomed up darkly. On the level stretch of grass between a good-sized crowd of men had assembled, and more were pouring in through the big gate-way and coming out of their rooms along either side of the Triangle. It was a meeting to rouse enthusiasm and rally the undergraduates around the foot-ball team. At any other time Smith would have been the leading spirit in it.

But to-night he kept himself screened by the curtains, and, as the room was dark, those who passed by decided that Smith already had come out.

Presently, some one began speaking from the steps which rose from the Triangle to the level of the Little Quad. Smith could see the speaker's figure plainly outlined against the field of light behind the arches; he heard the shouts of the men and the applause. When they cheered it made his ears ring.

It was the old Pennsylvania challenging cry

—the long "Hoo Rah!" which he so often had led or followed and which thrilled every fibre of his being as often as he heard it. But to-night it made his pulses leap but an instant, the next brought home to him the fact that they were yelling, not in celebration of a victory, but to cover *his* failure. It was but the first of a series of failures too which they would have to cover. And this was to be the outcome of what he had set his heart upon! If only——

Suddenly he took a short step away from the window. Then he abruptly halted.

An idea had flashed upon him which, in the flood of his self-reproach, he had been on the point of putting into instant execution. It was absurd that he had not thought of trying it before! Then, a realization of all that this step would entail for him personally made him pause. To play on the University foot-ball eleven was the thing he had coveted since first the University came to have a definite meaning for him. It was the one honor which he could hope to

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earn while he was a Pennsylvania man. In a few months he would graduate. And those three years gone by had been given up to working for the University and not for himself. Now he had only to say nothing; even more, he need only make this appeal which had suggested itself impersonal, and he would retain all that had come to him.

Just then, glancing out the window again, he recognized Jim Price on the steps speaking to the crowd, and a moment after he heard the long "Hoo Rah!" and after it, sharp and quick, three times repeated:

"Smith! Smith! Smith of 'Pennsylvania'!"

They were cheering him; cheering him to give him heart, to show that they believed that he had done his best, though he had done so poorly; cheering to prove to him that they trusted him.

In that instant his mind was made up. If he was "Smith of 'Pennsylvania'" to them, he would prove to himself that he was all that the name implied.

He walked to the door of Lambert's bedroom. "Lambert," he said, "I want you to do something for me."

"What is it?" asked Lambert. Smith's tones were so earnest that he wondered. Besides, Smith did not often ask favors.

"It's to play quarter-back for the University," Smith answered.

"Quarter-back?—me? Why, you're crazy!" ejaculated Lambert. All at once the truth came to him. "Not on your life!" he added quickly. "I've done with foot-ball, I told you that—long ago. Besides——"

"Yes, I know what you're going to say," broke in Smith. "I know what you're thinking of, I guess. You wouldn't take my place? You——"

"I couldn't fill the place," said Lambert impulsively.

"Yes, you could. I know you could," went on Smith. "At any rate, you've got to try, and try your best."

"I won't!"

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"But you will! You will because I ask you to."

Lambert shook his head. He was stubborn when aroused. But this time Smith meant to have his way. "You'll do it because I ask it," he continued. "It'll be the greatest personal favor you can do me. Look here. It's this way. From the day I came to feel proud of Pennsylvania I've done—what I could to push the University on. It hasn't been much, but I've enjoyed doing it. And my mind's set on seeing us win at foot-ball this season. Now, we can't do it while I'm at quarter-back, and I know it. Don't say anything; I'm sure of what I'm talking. I mean to go off the team. But I want you to try for the place, and I want you to fill it, as I'm certain you're able to fill it. If you won't do it, you'll——"

Lambert interrupted him with a protest, but Smith resumed his argument, and would not be dissuaded. So, for an hour, he urged and pleaded with Lambert.

At last Lambert could only say: "But I've

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played no foot-ball for years. I'm out of shape. They'd laugh at me; they wouldn't have me."

Then Smith knew that he had the day almost won. "They'll have you quick enough, if—— And as for condition, you work in the gym. all the time, and you don't smoke or drink. You must come round—right away! I'll introduce you to Woolston. Come on!"

It was the last five minutes of play in the game with Harvard, the contest for which every Pennsylvania player nerved himself as for no other, the one on which the foot-ball enthusiasm of the year was centred. About the big amphitheatre of Franklin Field tier on tier of benches rose, filled with twenty thousand men and women who looked down on an oval of green and dusty brown, squared and gridironed with white, on which twenty-two men set themselves, hand on thigh, shoulder to shoulder, and every eye on the ball.

The staccato "Rah!" of Harvard was silent, the challenging cry of Pennsylvania hushed, the

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faint bark of a dog somewhere smote sharply on the ear, so still and expectant was everything. For one hour and a half the men in crimson and the men in red and blue had plunged and fought up and down the field. Now, with the minutes going fast, it remained for either side to score.

On the side-lines, crouched as if everything depended on his spring, was Smith of "Pennsylvania," wearing those six sweaters which long association had made almost the badge of his office. His jaw was tense, his hands trembling, his eyes fastened on the double line of men opposite to him, where, ten yards from Harvard's goal-line, the Pennsylvania centre-rush was about to put back the ball.

A man beside Smith closed his watch. "Three minutes left!" he said. But Smith did not hear him.

There was a movement in the Pennsylvania line. The Harvard players plunged and broke through, a dozen men crashed together, swayed, and fell to the ground. But out from behind

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this heap shot a figure, a short, thickly built figure, running close to the ground, slipping beneath the clutch of the nearest man in crimson, lunging sideways as another in the same uniform dived at him viciously, and then driving straight at the tall man with light hair and crimson stockings, the last man in his path; and so, with a pair of crimson arms wrapped about him, clearing that fateful whitewashed line between the goal-posts, and there rolled on the ground.

It was done. An instant's gasping pause, when twenty thousand hearts hoped or doubted that twenty thousand pairs of eyes had seen aright; then, from end to end, from top to bottom of those long, deep benches,—except for one stretch where the crimson flags drooped,—arose such a blare of horns and roar of voices that it seemed as if thunder greeted the mass of red and blue which blotted out the sky-line. Pennsylvania had scored. Lambert, the quarterback, had crossed the Harvard goal-line for a touch-down.

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A hush fell on the crowd again as the ball was brought out. But, as it sailed over the cross-bar, the thunder awoke again, and again the red and blue whipped the breeze. Time was up! An avalanche of men leaped the barriers and flooded the field.

They hoisted Lambert on their shoulders. Smith in his six sweaters was left alone; somehow, for the moment, he couldn't join in the rush.

But as suddenly a crowd bore down on him and hoisted him aloft. They were shouting, "Smith of 'Pennsylvania'!"

Smith, struck by wonderment, struggled to get down; he was sure he looked like a fool. But, then, it was the only time the thing ever happened to him.

1

COLUMBIA



A LIGHTNING CHANGE

WHO was Keith?
That was the mystery.
Columbia University to-day
crowns Morningside Heights,
—roomy, beautiful halls, scattered through
grounds that compare with the famed precincts
of Yale, Princeton, or even the University of
Pennsylvania.

The Columbia of yesterday (for the dear old University is still glaringly ill at ease in her new home) was confined to one small city block, bounded east and west by Park and Madison Avenues, north and south by Fiftieth and Forty-ninth Streets.

Owing, probably, to urban surroundings, Columbia contained more aspirants to so-called social recognition than do out-of-town colleges, where boys give less time to such diversions and more to athletics.

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Especially were these social aspirations strong in the senior class, whose members insisted that they were men and not boys to a far more vehement degree than would those same "men" to-day.

A dozen or so of these seniors (most of them Psi-Upsilon men, with a sprinkling of "Deaks") were banded into a sort of clique, whose sole pride rested on its exclusiveness.

And into this clique Bernard Keith had penetrated.

Keith had entered Columbia at the beginning of senior year. He was not a regular student, but a "special." In other words, he was not working for a degree, but was merely taking a few elective courses of lectures with the senior class.

He was older than most men in the class,—just how old no one could guess. His smooth-shaven, clear-cut face, hard, well-shaped mouth, and quiet eyes might belong equally well to twenty or to thirty.

Thus it was that the dozen exclusive seniors

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opened not only their ranks, but their homes to the stranger. Having done which, they began to ask who he was.

So long as Keith was looked on merely as a decidedly handsome, well-groomed outsider, whose manners were good and whose wit made him a welcome addition to any crowd, no questions were asked. When, however, he became a probable fixture in the set, an idle query or two as to his antecedents and profession were framed. A dead silence followed. Then came a buzz of conjecture, rumor, and contradiction; and Keith's position as a mystery was established.

An impression, foundationless but strong, that he was the son of an English nobleman sent to America incog. to be educated, at length supplanted these theories. Then the seniors and their families suddenly ceased asking questions, tacitly agreed he was a sprig of English nobility worth cultivating for the sake of future invitations to his country-seat or to his Scottish moor, and stopped talking about him.

Money, a good presence, and decided clever-

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ness had won the day. The sacred circle was once more solid as wrought steel. And Bernard Keith, '93, Arts, was safe inside.

But there was one person who refused to take Keith at the rest of the set's valuation.

Perhaps this was because she had put upon him a fictitious valuation of her own. While implicitly believing the English nobleman story, she yearned for particulars.

Mae Ward found Keith a more than welcome change from the ranks of callow college boys, heavy business men, and conceited litterati who had knelt at her shrine ever since she "came out," six months before.

She and Keith had met at one of Mrs. Meredith's "at homes" three months ago. Van Deusen Meredith was one of the senior "dozen." Mrs. Meredith was his mother.

Three hundred people were squeezed into a space where eighty might possibly have had comfortable elbow-room. The thermometer stood at ninety-four indoors and at twenty-one in the street.

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Keith's collar had remained unwilted and he had looked neither cross nor bored. Mae was attracted to him from that minute.

He was presented to her.

"It's very warm in here," Keith had murmured amid the hubbub of voices, and she replied,—

"Yes, she *is* a charming hostess, isn't she?" And the next moment a crowd three hundred strong had wrested them apart.

The next evening he had found himself commanded to take her in to dinner at the Varnum's dinner-dance, given in honor of the just-achieved majority of Willie Varnum, '93, Arts. During the dance they sat together for thirty-five minutes on a red divan at a turn of the stairs. This landing was equipped for the occasion with two rubber-plants, a palm, a cloisonné vase, and three mildly pink Chinese lanterns.

Before the evening ended Mae Ward had made divers remarkable discoveries: notably that Keith possessed the pleasantest voice she

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had ever heard, that he had nice eyes, that he did not bore her by talking about himself, and that he neither boasted about his family, his athletic achievements, his pointless escapades at college, nor of the houses to which he had been invited.

And now came a new development that started tongues to wagging:

Dicky Long, '93, made the discovery that Keith always had an engagement of some sort between nine-thirty and ten-thirty P.M.

Long and little Benton dropped in at his rooms one night after he had made study his excuse for departure. Although they hammered and shouted, his door remained locked, the rooms within silent.

And so the mystery remained, until by and by people grew tired of conjectures,—all except Mae Ward.

Miss Ward's father was an eminent lawyer. Her ancestors came to America in that elastic but sadly overcrowded craft, the Mayflower.

Along with an hypertrophated pride of birth

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she inherited a legal love for ferreting out mysteries and a Puritanical tenacity of purpose.

Moreover, she had so far forgotten all wise parental teachings as to fall in love with Bernard Keith, '93, Arts, and this served to keep up her interest in the man's movements.

Things had reached this stage when one evening Keith called to take her mother and herself to the Junior Ball.

"You are late, Mr. Keith," said Mrs. Ward. "I thought we were to be there by ten. It's nearly half-past ten now."

"I'm so sorry," he pleaded, "but I couldn't get away any earlier. A—lot of things prevented me."

His evident repentance softened the chaperon's heart, and she gave the matter no more thought. But with Mae it was different. This was the fifth time that she had had proof that the tale of Keith's regular nine-thirty to ten-thirty P.M. disappearance was true.

The Junior Ball is Columbia's one grand Social Event (with the largest sort of capital S

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and E) of the whole year. Then alone it is that class-lines give way to social precedence; when the freshman of good connections and with a reasonably pretty girl on his arm may outrank the haughtiest senior; when the "grind" and the boy who is shy in the presence of women will be wise to save the price of a five-dollar ticket by staying away; when the exclusive set of seniors are in their glory.

Bernard Keith and Mae Ward were sitting out a waltz in an alcove behind the lower gallery, where they could overlook the noisy, pretty scene below, and where a convenient palm shielded them from observation.

"Mr. Stanford tells me you do most of your studying between half-past nine and half-past ten at night," remarked the girl innocently. "Do you?"

The man glanced at her quickly, and as quickly glanced down before replying indifferently,—

"I often study in the evening."

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"Oh! that's where Mr. Stanford probably got his idea about your being busy from nine-thirty to ten-thirty every night."

"Probably. You see, in a college like this, where we have no dormitory system, the men know little about each other's actions outside of lecture and recitation hours. In the warm spring evenings I believe there are often singing and general good times on the campus, but there our college life ends."

"How about the 'Strollers'? Don't their performances help on college spirit?"

"They advertise the college by their shows in the different cities rather than promote any particular brotherly feeling here."

"By the way, I'm to be the accompanist, you know, at the vaudeville show they're going to give for the Cherry Hill Mission next week at the Waldorf. Mamma objected at first; but it's only a drawing-room performance, and tickets are ten dollars each. And it's for the same old 'Sweet Charity.' So she gave in at last. By the way, are you a member of the 'Strollers'?"

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or don't your talents lie in the direction of vaudeville?"

Mae fancied a barely perceptible tremor, as of contempt, ran through the man as he answered curtly, almost rudely:

"No. I have no tricks."

"I'm sorry," she answered. "It would have been rather jolly if you were in the troupe. Nowadays I spend most of my time practising on those silly songs."

Mae Ward was in the midst of this practising the following evening when Keith was announced.

"Are the songs good for anything?" he asked idly, picking up one or two sheets.

"Most of it is the same eternal old bore," she replied. "The so-called negro songs, such as no negro ever sang, and some tin-pan skirt-dance music. There's one good air among them, though," she added, taking a sheet of music from the rack, "and the words are rather clever—for that sort of thing. Mr. Hammond is

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going to sing it—in costume. He is coming around here some night soon to rehearse it with me. I never like to play the accompaniment to a song in public until I've gone over it beforehand with the singer."

"What is the song?" asked Keith.

"It is called 'The Song of the Wanderer.'"

"Is that song published?" exclaimed the man.

"I thought it wasn't out yet!"

"Yes; it's quite new, though, I believe. Do you know it?"

"I—I've heard it once. Would it be any help to you to go over it with me? Then it will be easier for you when you and Hammond come to practise it."

"Can you sing it after having heard it only once?"

"I think so. I pick up airs easily, and I can get the words from the page before me."

"Where did you hear it?" asked Mae as she sat down to the piano.

"Oh, at one of the variety houses, I believe," responded Keith carelessly. "An old chap

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made up like Stanley, with a pith helmet and a green umbrella, sang it."

The girl played a rollicking overture and Keith began the song:

THE SONG OF THE WANDERER.

"I have crossed through lands Hebraic,
I have cursed in tongues archaic,
I have met the gentle heathen and Circassian maidens
fair;
Through bazaars Damascene wandered
(Where my scanty cash I squandered);
I have seen the merry leper; I have heard the call to
prayer.

"I have crossed from Asian mountains
Unto Afric's sunny fountains;
I have had a swim in Jordan; I have drunk of Father
Nile;
I have seen Egyptians ragged
And a Moslem Imam jagged,
Who discoursed on worldly matters in a most unseemly
style.

"Up the Pyramids I've scrambled,
Through Saharan deserts ambled;
I have jollied ancient mummies; I have gazed upon the
Sphinx;

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I have yellowed every dental
With tobacco Oriental,
And I've queered my constitution with unholy Eastern
drinks.

"Lacking better occupation,
I've composed (in adulation
Of my prowess in such matters) this inspiring little lay;
You can bet your bottom dollar
That my number sixteen collar
Now supports a head whose magnitude you don't see
every day."

"I thought you said you had only heard that
song once," commented Mae at the close.

"Well?" asked Keith.

"Yet you sang it from memory. After the
first verse you never even glanced at words or
music."

"I've a knack for remembering silly things."

"Where is your home, Mr. Keith?" inquired
Mae suddenly. "I don't mean your bachelor
rooms here in town, but your real home."

"My home?" echoed Keith, his half-shut
eyes alone giving token that he was on guard.

"My home is wherever I chance to be among

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thoroughly delightful people for a half-hour. For instance, I am very much at home now."

"That was just a trifle heavy, wasn't it?" asked Mae.

"How about the question that led to it?" retorted Keith laughingly.

The girl laughed too, but there was a note of vexation in her laughter.

"Mr. Keith," she said, "do you know you have been the object of a great many conjectures during the past winter?"

"Thank you. Give me anything but indifference."

"But people are saying——"

"They are very kind to take so much trouble. After all, what does it amount to?"

"But you never speak of your personal affairs, of yourself or of your people."

"Why should I bore myself with uninteresting themes? Still, if it will really give you any pleasure, I will gladly tell you the story of my life in words of one syllable and in language

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fitted for the ears of the young. I was born of poor but honest parents——”

“I don’t like to have people make fun of me,” interrupted Mae somewhat stiffly.

“But they *were* honest, Miss Ward,” Keith protested with mock solemnity, “and poverty has run in the family for generations. Really, you can’t expect me to clear up mysteries if you begin by accusing me of making fun of you.”

“Then,” pursued the girl, ignoring his last speech, “there is a lot of curiosity about your disappearing in that Cinderella-like fashion each night at exactly nine-thirty. You will pardon my rudeness in repeating all this, won’t you? You know that I am inquisitive by nature.”

“So were Psyche and Elsa and Mrs. Bluebeard; but I never heard that any of them was the happier for having her curiosity gratified,” rejoined Keith.

Mae felt a hot flush rise to her face. She could not explain it, except possibly by the troubled look that accompanied Keith’s words.

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An old engraving of the "Parting between Lohengrin and Elsa" hung in Judge Ward's study. Mae remembered that the Swan-Knight's eyes had worn such a look as they bent upon the woman whose curiosity had cost her his love.

The full strength of the simile dawned on Mae, and she could not raise her eyes to the tall, knightly figure before her.

"Forgive me," she murmured; "I have been very, *very* rude."

"Please don't say that," urged the man. "You were perfectly right to ask, and I answered you like a brute. Some day,—it's a wild, futile hope, I know,—but some day I may have the right to tell you all about myself—and to tell you something else that means far more to me. If——"

The tiny cathedral chime of the clock in the adjoining library interrupted him.

"Half-past nine," he muttered. "Good-night, Miss Ward. You are to be at the Meredith dinner to-morrow evening? So am I.

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May the fates incite Mrs. Meredith to send me in to dinner with you!"

The fates incited Mrs. Meredith to place Keith and Mae at opposite sides of the table.

Mae was not sorry to be placed so far away from Keith. She now made no secret to herself of her love for the mysterious senior. From his broken words of the preceding night she knew he cared for her. Anxious as she had been to see him again, a certain unwonted shyness now made her glad that the table separated them.

The dinner was strictly informal. Mrs. Meredith prided herself on doing things with Bohemian informality, and was always leading her coterie through a dreary succession of welsh-rarebit suppers, impromptu excursions to Chinatown, "at homes" where men were allowed to smoke, and a dozen other abominations of the sort without which no rich man (or woman) may enter the Kingdom of Bohemia.

"Please hurry over the cigars," she enjoined her husband, as she and the other women rose

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from the table. "We are all going somewhere this evening. We haven't decided where. We're going to wait till you men come in before voting on it. Mr. Keith tells me he has an engagement at half-after nine, but I count on having all the rest of you join us."

When Keith took his leave at nine-thirty the question as to where the remainder of the evening should be spent was still in doubt. Two factions were hotly discussing the rival claims of Koster & Bial's and of Proctor's.

As Keith left the drawing-room his eyes rested for one moment on Mae Ward,—he had had no opportunity of speaking alone with her that evening,—and he surprised on her face a look that told him more than any words could have expressed. Angered that her heart could be so easily read, she turned with assumed interest to the discussion in hand.

Little Benton a minute later settled the dispute.

"I've got a better idea than going to Proctor's or Koster's," he declared. "What's the matter

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with doing some slumming? Let's go down to the Bowery Music Hall. It's somewhere near Rivington Street, I believe. We can get a couple of boxes and be guyed by the actors. There'll be a rank show, of course; but it'll be fun to watch the gentle Bowery Boy at play."

"Besides," cut in Hammond, "about fifty of our freshmen have gotten up a slumming party for to-night. They're almost sure to drop in there for a few minutes sometime during the evening, and when they do, look out for fun. There'll be a regular 'Town and Gown' row when the Boweryites resent the Columbia cheers breaking in on the show. Our boxes will be first-rate arena seats. I, for one, vote for the Bowery Music Hall scheme. It's a bird."

The idea took like wildfire. Five minutes later the party were on their way down town.

At the Bowery Music Hall a stout man whose hair smelt like a team of musk-oxen ushered the Meredith party into two stage-boxes. The stage was occupied by a lady of obese build and very

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yellow hair, and by a man with Dutch make-up and a red-and-green checked suit.

Soon the stage was cleared for the next "specialty."

"Let's see," mused Hammond, consulting his programme. "That was number six—'McGibben and Cohen, side-splitting sketch team!' The next is 'The Great Millicent!' I wonder if the great Millicent is a dog, a bird, or a patent medicine. Whoever it is, he or she is evidently a favorite. See, the name is in letters twice as big as any of the others on the programme, and the crowd is clapping itself black in the face in anticipation."

The piano which served as an orchestra struck up a lively air, and "The Great Millicent" hopped lightly on the stage amid a salvo of applause.

He was dressed in a coarse travesty of an African explorer's costume.

A huge green umbrella hid the upper half of his body. Capacious boots reached almost up to his waist.

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He tossed the umbrella, whirling, upward towards the flies. As it came down it turned over, and the Great Millicent caught the point deftly on the tip of his nose. Spinning the umbrella about on this somewhat unusual base and tossing his pith helmet into the wings, he began to sing,—

“ I have crossed through lands Hebraic,
I have cursed in tongues archaic.”

Mae Ward, who had watched the stage with growing disgust from the back of the box, now leaned forward, her face set and blanched, and her eyes fixed on the performer with questioning horror.

The lower part of the Great Millicent's face was hidden in bushy scarlet whiskers. A pair of huge smoked goggles covered his eyes. A fiery nose six inches long further disguised him. But to the eyes of love efficient disguises are few.

As Bernard Keith reached the middle of the

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third stanza his glance fell on the box party, and at last met that of Mae Ward.

The recognition was mutual, but there was scarce a break in Keith's voice as he went on to the end of the song.

"They say that Millicent feller gets seventy-five dollars a week just for singin' a song or two down here every night," commented a Bowery youth to his gaudy "ladifriend" so audibly that Mae Ward in the box just above their heads heard him plainly.

A shout of applause followed the song, and would not die down until the pianist recommenced the prelude.

Mingled with the clapping, yells, and approving whistles rose a sound that brought the men in the box party to their feet.

It was the sharp, barking cheer,—

"'RAY! 'Ray! 'Ray! C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!" followed by the name, "MILLICENT!"

The college cry, coming in unison from fifty trained throats, cut through the looser volume of applause like a knife.

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The whole audience turned to see whence it came.

There, at the back of the house, were massed the body of slumming freshmen, with a mingling of upper-class men. They had entered while Keith was singing.

"The Great Millicent" had opened his mouth to begin his encore selection. At sound of the familiar cheer he started as though shot.

He had again thrown his umbrella high into the flies and was awaiting its descent as the Columbians' greeting reached his ears.

Unnoted by him, the huge umbrella fell. Before he could recover himself its ribs raked his face. The umbrella fell to the stage and rolled to the footlights, carrying on its steel rib-points the singer's false beard. Smoked glasses and red nose were alike knocked off by the blow.

Keith whirled about, facing the back of the stage, but not before a voice from among the mass of Columbians shouted in amazement:

"Good Lord! It's Keith, '93!"

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"It's Keith!" echoed Hammond from the stage-box.

"Ah, g'wan!" snarled a tough from the centre of the house. "Dat's de Great Millicent."

But his interruption went unheard. The collegians had broken into a yell of astonishment mingled with derision.

The great asbestos curtain, with its gaudily painted advertisements, swept downward with a rattle and swish, shutting off all view of the stage and its occupant.

In the two boxes holding the Meredith party not a word had been spoken since Hammond's involuntary exclamation. For a full minute silence lasted. Then Mrs. Meredith said constrainedly,—

"So the 'mystery' is explained!"

"I'm afraid I can't agree with you," answered little Long. "To me the real mystery is just beginning."

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Meredith. "What is the mystery now?"

"Simply this: Keith is the whitest, best chap

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I ever knew. If he were a common music-hall singer and had imposed himself on us he'd have been a cad of the first water. And that's just what Bernard Keith is not. What is he, then, and why has he done this? There's the mystery."

"It's a mystery I'm going to unravel, then," announced Hammond, rising.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"I'm going 'behind' to speak to him. I'm going to hear his own version of the story."

"I'll go with you," said Long and Varnum in a breath.

"I don't think we'll stay here any longer," remarked Mrs. Meredith, dusting her wrap with one gloved hand. "We spoke of going up to Sherry's for supper. Will you join us there when you've had your interview with Mr. Keith?"

"And if I was right in my estimate of him, may I bring him along?" asked little Long.

Mrs. Meredith hesitated.

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“Mr. Long,” said Mae Ward, speaking for the first time, “when you see Mr. Keith would you mind reminding him that he has promised to call on me to-morrow night, to help me on those songs for the ‘Strollers’?”

Long, Hammond, and Varnum paid an usher a dollar to take their names to Keith.

They found him seated on the one stool of his grimy little dressing-room. It was a six-by-eight apartment. Its furniture, besides the stool, consisted of a table covered with “make-up” appliances, a cracked mirror, a row of clothes-hooks, and a gas-jet shrouded in wire. Keith had removed his make-up and wig. His calm, classic face crowned oddly the grotesque dress which he still wore.

“Well,” he said curtly, “what do you want?”

“A lot of things,” answered Long easily. “First of all, we want to congratulate you on your performance. It was great.”

The anger in Keith’s face changed to puzzled suspicion. He made no reply.

“Look here, old chap,” said Varnum, “we

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haven't come here like Job's comforters, or to spy, or anything like that. We're your friends. You owe us the truth, you know."

"The debt will be outlawed, I'm afraid, before you can collect it," returned Keith. "And now, if you've nothing more to say——"

"But I have something more to say," interposed Long, calmly refusing to take the hint implied in Keith's last words. "I've a message for you."

"Oh, I can take my *congé* for granted," said Keith wearily. "You needn't put it in words."

"It was scarcely a *congé*," answered little Long. "It was from Miss Ward. Do you want to hear it?"

Keith nodded sullenly.

"She wished me to remind you that you had promised to call on her to-morrow night," said Long.

Keith rose abruptly and began to arrange some of the clothing on the hooks. His back was to his classmates.

"I was a boor," he said presently. "Excuse

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me, won't you? Sit down. Oh, I forgot, you can't,—there's only one stool. Never mind, you won't object to standing. I'm sorry I was such a brute when you fellows came in. I had an idea you came from curiosity, and I was sore. If you want the truth I'm ready to give it to you."

"Wait a second," interposed Varnum. "Before you begin I want to tell you that we all three believe in you, and that we only ask an explanation for the sake of the rest of the people who have learned to like you this last year."

"Thank you," said Keith simply.

"Let her go," adjured little Long. "We're listening."

"I'll make it as short as I can," began Keith. "In the first place, my name isn't Keith at all. It's Bernard Fairfax."

"Any relation to General Bernard Fairfax, the Boston railroad king?" interrupted Hammond.

"He's my father," replied Keith. "I was in

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my junior year at Harvard. My father had ideas about college extravagance and kept me on what I chose to think was a meagre allowance. I wanted more money. I was a member of the Glee Club, and I'd been in some of their vaudeville shows. I had made a hit, and it struck me I might earn extra money that way. I went to the manager of the Lyceum Music Hall in Boston. He liked my work and promised me an engagement. The papers learned my real name and there was a big sensation. Some papers took the line that a scion of Mayflower stock had broken the bonds of society and had struck out for himself. Others published sensational stories of how my father's annual income was over one million dollars, and yet he was so stingy that his only son must seek a living on the vaudeville stage."

"Must have pleased General Fairfax!" commented Hammond.

"He was furious," answered Keith, "as he had a right to be. I think it was the slur about his so-called meanness that hurt him most; but

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the stain on the family name was a fearful blow too. We had a scene I shall never forget. At the end of it I left home. My father's will was law in our set, and society cut me dead. I drifted to New York, disgusted with society and with everything else. I had to make a living somehow. The only thing I could do was vaudeville. I got an engagement down here and somehow made a hit. But I hated it. I longed for my own sphere again, and wanted to study some profession. With that idea I went to Columbia. You fellows were good to me. You took me in. You asked me to your homes. I ought to have confessed then. But I imagined if I did I'd get the same treatment I had after my break with my father."

"You were dead wrong!" broke in little Long.

"Perhaps. But I dared not risk it."

"But your father?"

"I hear of him now and then. In fact, he is an intimate friend of Judge Ward, Miss Ward's father. He always stays at their house when he

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is in New York. I almost met him there once. From what I know of him he'll never forgive me. So why should I think about him any more? And yet," he finished, under his breath, "I do."

The three visitors glanced at each other in silence.

"Miss Ward told me this evening," Keith went on, "that General Fairfax is coming to New York to-morrow to visit them for a week. So you see, Long, why I can't call there."

"Look here," broke out Varnum, "I've got an idea. Will you leave this business in our hands?"

"But what can you do?"

"Never mind what I can do. Will you put yourself in our hands?"

"Yes. But——"

"Then go to Miss Ward's to-morrow night, —unless you hear from me to the contrary before then."

"I can't. I'd——"

"You've promised."

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“ Well, I’m in your hands, I suppose. But——”

“ Never mind the ‘buts.’ Good-night, old man.”

Hammond took Miss Ward home that evening. Late as it was, he had gone into the house, and for a solid hour was closeted with Judge Ward and herself.

General Fairfax reached the Ward house just in time for lunch. Judge and General were enjoying a post-prandial smoke in the former’s study an hour or so later, when a little sheaf of cards was brought up.

“ Show them in here,” ordered the Judge. “ No, Fairfax, don’t go. I particularly want you to stay.” Puzzled, the General sank back in his big leather chair as four young men filed into the room.

They were the trio who had visited Keith, and Harry Stanford, ’93, Arts.

One by one they were introduced to the General. Then they stood hesitating, silent.

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“You wished to see me, gentlemen?” said the Judge pleasantly. “Sit down, please. What can I do for you?”

“We want to consult you, sir, on a matter where your legal skill may help us,” said Long. “It’s about young Keith, ’93. You know him, I think?”

“Very well indeed. What about him?”

“He’s in a good bit of trouble,” said Hammond. “You know Keith is the best fellow living. He is a splendid student, an honorable, straightforward fellow in every way. It seems his mother and he had words on some point they’d probably have laughed at another time,—one that hurt the pride more than the honor. The son, smarting under what he thought was injustice, left home. Everybody he knew gave him the cold shoulder. He was literally cast on the world without a dollar, without a friend. Now, that’s where another man would have gone to pieces, but Keith was made of different stuff. He found work—not, perhaps, such work as his family would have approved, but honest, clean

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employment, for all that. Then he set about finishing his college course. He worked his way to the very head of his class by sheer pluck and hard study, keeping up his other employment at the same time. Why, I've known times, around examination week, when that man has worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four; and through it all no word of complaint at the mother who cast him off; no railing at his hard luck. I tell you that's the stuff they make heroes of! Don't you agree with me, General?"

"I do indeed!" responded Fairfax emphatically.

"Now, here's the point," cut in Stanford, taking up the tale. "Keith has shown what he is made of; he's proved he can make his own living and go through college at the same time,—not an easy job, by the way,—and, in short, he's shown he's independent. But down in his heart he has a great big homesickness for his mother, for the family he was forced to leave because of a silly college prank. He wants to be reconciled to his mother. He wants to go

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home. He's proved it isn't her money or social position he wants, but just herself. We, who are interested in him, came to you to see if you can't advise us—to see if you can't suggest some way to reconcile them. Can't you?"

"I'm afraid not," said the Judge harshly. "A man who breaks loose from his family—who by some piece of wanton folly grieves a parent to the extent you say young Keith did—deserves all the loneliness and hardship he gets. He need not hope—he has no right to hope—for a reconciliation. General Fairfax here will agree with me."

"I will not!" rapped out the General. "I most assuredly will not! If a legal training gives a man that view of life, then I thank Heaven I never went into the law! Do you mean, sir, to say that any mother could hear such an account of her boy as these young men have just given without a thrill of pride that God had blessed her with such a son? Whatever his early offence, he has atoned for it. I beg, Judge, that you will use all your power to bring about this reconciliation."

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"I'll do my best," assented the Judge, "but I doubt if I can succeed."

"I am certain you will," rejoined the General, "and if this young—what did you say his name was?"

"His name is Fairfax, General," said little Long,— "Bernard Fairfax."

The General sprang to his feet in anger. Then he sat down again and, with one hand shading his eyes, rested his elbow on the chair-arm and looked long into the blazing grate-fire.

The Judge and the Columbians were mute.

At length the General raised his head.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"He will call here this evening," said Judge Ward gently.

"This evening!" echoed the General, once more on his feet. "Do you think I am going to wait five mortal hours before seeing my boy? Take me to his rooms at once, gentlemen," turning almost fiercely to the four collegians.

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When Bernard Fairfax called that evening his father's arm was linked in his.

But when, a little later, Bernard finished asking the question he had begun when he had called on Mae Ward two nights before, his father was in another room, quite out of hearing.

And her reply delighted the questioner's father almost as much as it did Bernard himself.

WEST POINT

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IT happened away back in the days of the great civil war, but it might have happened any time within the last eighty years, for at West Point there are tenets and traditions immutable as the solid rock on which the Academy stands.

It stirred the battalion from the "first captain" down to the foot of the Fourth Class. It shook the eight divisions of cadet barracks, then occupied by the four companies, from turret to foundation-stone. It set for a day or two comrade against comrade, class against class; yet the long gray line, cross-belted and gloved in white, had stood silent, stolid, immovable, as, in the ringing tones of the young adjutant, the memorable report was read at publication of delinquencies after parade and a proud name was humbled in the dust.

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There was a vacancy in the list of cadet non-commissioned officers with the dawn of another day, and a new "section-marcher" when the upper half of the battalion turned out for class parade at eight o'clock, for Cadet Leroy, first corporal of Company "D" and head of the Third Class, had been missing since midnight. When noonday came it was definitely known that he had deserted.

The unusual sight at that time of the cadet uniform aboard the morning express southbound on the Hudson River Railway had attracted the notice of passengers and conductor both, and the telegraphic inquiry of the commanding officer, addressed to the superintendent of the old Thirty-first-Street Station, received immediate reply: A youth in the West Point forage-cap and overcoat had boarded the ten-fifteen at Peekskill, and taken a hack immediately on arrival in New York. That was all. The hackman, found later, stated that he had driven the young gentleman to the Metropolitan, the hostelry at that time most affected by the corps.

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The clerk said that such a gentleman had been seen in the lobby shortly after noon. He failed to register or to reappear. He never returned to his home.

All trace of him was lost from that moment, and the matter seemed a thing of the past but for an intensity of feeling stirred up for the time between the Second and Third Classes, a feeling that, for nearly a week before reason resumed its sway, found vent in several fiercely contested affairs between individual and representative members of each, and an increase of nearly forty per cent. in the normal array of "contusions," the hospital euphemism for the black eyes and broken noses that resulted from the summary system by which for over fifty years the corps had settled its disputes.

The monotonous routine of military life rolled on again. The vacant corporalship was filled. The name of Cadet Leroy was dropped as "deserted," and the Third Class, that, almost to a man, had cut dead and refused to speak to Cadet Sergeant Ritter, went round and manfully apolo-

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gized. From having been Leroy's roommate he now lived alone.

That arrangement had been unusual, to begin with, for in those days it was rare to find roommates who were not of the same class. A word of explanation may be needed for those who are unfamiliar with the details of barrack life at the Point. The entire battalion was housed in a great stone building, four stories in height and pierced from front to rear by hall-ways, with iron stairs from the first to the fourth floor. There were four living-rooms to a floor, sixteen to each division and thirty-two to each company, making one hundred and twenty-eight occupied by the battalion, which, in the early sixties, was rarely two hundred and fifty strong. In the fall of the year the battalion paraded with full ranks, but the January examination was sure to lop off rather more than one-tenth of its membership. Only when the new cadets began to arrive for the preliminary examination in June were more than two cadets compelled to live in one room, and there were several instances of cadets living

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alone. This was now the case with Cadet Sergeant Ritter, who occupied the rear or area room on the third floor of the seventh division, his name being conspicuously posted, in accordance with barrack regulations, over one alcove, while that of Leroy still adorned the other.

They had been boys together at school, then chums and intimates at college. They had belonged to the same Greek-Letter fraternity. They had been known as Damon and Pythias among their mates, and when young Ritter, the son of an old soldier, was given an appointment at large to the National Military Academy, Leroy grieved long and sore and left no stone unturned to follow him.

Opportunity came within the year, when the President was authorized to fill the vacancies caused by the withdrawal of the Southern cadets. Many gallant young fellows were sent from among the volunteers at the front, and several brilliant scholars chosen from leading universities and colleges. This was Leroy's luck. Latin and Greek, history and belles-lettres he

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had at his fingers' ends. Only in mathematics was there one in his class regarded as his superior. It was predicted of him that he would prove an easy winner of first place at the Point, but, though he won in the January examination, it was not too easy. The fact that he had almost completed at college the entire first year's mathematical course at West Point vastly aided him.

The examination had resulted in his being declared first in the Fourth Class by a reasonable margin over all competitors. Then came geometry and trigonometry for the following term, and French as well as English studies, and still Leroy went brilliantly, buoyantly, easily on, "maxing" through in all three, for he had spoken French from babyhood. Then came April, with harder problems and finally a new and hitherto untried study—descriptive geometry.

Early as March it was noted that Leroy's weekly average began to show losses, while Stone and Treadway, sturdy, plodding, patient fellows, were now steadily overhauling him. If

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he failed to grasp "descriptive," to many a mind the most baffling feature of the mathematical course, it might well happen that he would be thrown out of the first five—the "stars" of the class in mathematics. The head of the class in general standing would go to another for the reason that mathematics gave the tone to the entire course at the Point, outranking in value every other branch in a ratio of about three to one.

It cannot be said that Leroy was thoroughly popular: he seemed too conscious of certain physical advantages, as well as others which travel, education, and a brilliant mind and most retentive memory had given him.

It was held that he had taken advantage of the fact that he roomed with a yearling corporal (Mr. Ritter). The fact that they had been chums at college, and that this arrangement had been decided on before Leroy's admission, did not materially help the case, and it was patent to a dozen classmates that a crisis was coming in the affairs of Mr. Clement Leroy.

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They were talking it over one lovely evening in May, Ritter puffing philosophically at his brierwood pipe as he tilted back in his chair, his feet on the cast-iron table with which cadet quarters were then adorned,—cigarettes, by the way, were disdained in those days as dandified and effeminate,—Leroy sprawling on the bed in his alcove, and Jack Cassidy, the most erratic light in the whole Fourth Class, hopelessly swamped with demerit and persuaded to resign to avert dismissal, lounging in the doorway. Call to quarters had sounded on the bugle. The sentries were already mounting the iron stairway to begin the prescribed inspection to see that every cadet was in his own room and all noise ended. It was high time Cassidy had betaken himself to his roost in the “cockloft,” as they called the fourth floor, but he had been rating Leroy and had more to say. Two years “Clem’s” senior in experience and quite competent in many a way to be mentor to him and others in the class, he was a failure in the management of his own affairs, a fact over which he laughed with genuine glee.

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“Now, you mark my words, Clem, and I sha’n’t have a chance to lecture you again, for my resignation went in four days ago,—they’ve got me a commission in the volunteers, where I’d rather be anyhow,—I just want to tell you, you act as though you had a sure thing on the head of the class, and at this moment you know you’re weak in ‘descriptive.’ Why, man alive, even I could give you points on that, and I nearly fessed through in trig! You thought you had a sure thing as hop manager and would have been frozen out if it hadn’t been for Bob Stone. You think—and I own lots of the class think—you’ve got the best chance for first corporal, and I’m betting you right here and now that Stone and perhaps Woods will be made over you. You *must* know Old Snifty* sets more store on ‘descriptive’ than he does on any mathematics in the whole plebe year, and yet you count on holding first place in general standing, when if

* A modification of the cadet nickname for the professor long years the revered head of the Department of Mathematics at West Point.

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you don't max through all next week and all general review you'll flop out of the Fives as sure's you're born."

Leroy threw himself over on his back, his hands under his shapely, curly head. "Want to bet on that, Sep?" he drawled at Mr. Cassidy, who owed his sobriquet to the fact that he was one of the entries of the previous fall instead of a graduate of about the most valuable period in the cadet curriculum—"plebe camp."

"No, for I shouldn't be here to collect. But Mr. Ritter will remember what I say and remind you of it."

Despite the fact that June was only three weeks off and the plebe year of probation almost at an end, not yet did even daring Jack Cassidy venture to drop the "Mr." in speaking to an upper-class man.

Ritter nodded sagely. "I've told Leroy as much," said he laconically.

"Why, 'descriptive' is just so much sheer waste of time," said Leroy disgustedly. "It isn't mathematics, to begin with. It's cobweb

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tracery in vacuo. It's about as solid as soap-bubbles. You can't make me believe Snifty ranks phantasmagoria with pure mathematics."

"He does, I tell you. There's Billings, in our section, that fizzled and squirmed through trig without a mark above two four in two months, and he got off that extra on the tenth problem two days ago, and Snifty almost hugged him with delight. Why, he'd rather have a fellow sling in an extra on 'descriptive' than eat his Christmas dinner. Now, there's that 'two cones' in to-morrow's lesson—the meanest problem in the whole book, as Mr. Ritter here will tell you, and I see the whole business in my mind's eye just as though I had a card-house and a couple of pasteboard cornucopias. I can do it without a glance at the text, and that's more than you can."

Bang! came an iron-shod musket-butt against the door and a cadet sentry behind it. "All right? No, it isn't all right, and won't be till I scuttle up-stairs. Good-night," growled Cassidy, as, having answered the official query and

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realized that he had added three or four units more to his superabundant demerit roll for being "absent from quarters at inspection by sentry, seven-forty-five and eight p.m.," he turned away and clambered to his room.

There was a moment of silence between the roommates as Ritter knocked the ashes out of his pipe and donned his worn study-jacket, while Leroy refolded and piled his bedding in the prescribed order. Ritter was the first to speak.

"That man Cassidy could have stood well up in your class, Clem, if he'd given half the attention to his own case that he has to yours. He's just as fond of you as I am, and you pay just about as much attention to him. Now, if you'll take his advice and mine, you'll sit down and bone 'descriptive' till your eyes smart."

"D—n 'descriptive!' I've no patience with it—or anybody that sets it up as mathematics," snapped Leroy, as he tore off his coat and donned a silk-faced dressing-sacque, the Christmas gift of a fond mamma.

"Well, hold on now one minute," interposed

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Ritter. "The course isn't of our making. The Academic Board does that, and the Board decides class standing according to a man's proficiency in every branch. If you mean to hold the head of the class, you've got to rag out in 'descriptive,' just as Cassidy says. You'll lose it sure as shooting if you don't, and that isn't the news *I* want to carry back home when I go on furlough," and once more Ritter busied himself with a well-worn copy of "Calculus" and covered his ears with his hands. There was "another, not a sister," it seems, of whom Ritter was thinking when he spoke.

Leroy winced. He knew well the intense pride of the home folk in his heading his class at the Point. He knew how hard his father would take it if he "fell off a single file." He settled himself at the table with both elbows planted thereon and both hands clutched in his curly hair, his eyes riveted on the quaint, old-fashioned lithographic plate that, previous to the publication of Old Snifty's own pet work, accompanied the authorized text-book. There in

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horizontal and vertical projection were those two cones intersecting in space—a tangled snarl of right lines, curves, and dotted traces. It was a bagatelle to memorize the words of the text,—any child could do that,—but to grasp, to comprehend, to vividly, clearly, plainly *see* through the intricacies of the problem, shifting the cones into every conceivable position, as would be expected of a first-section man and the head of the class,—that was a far different proposition!

And now Leroy sat there staring at that intolerable maze of meaningless lines, but over and over and over those fateful words of Ritter and Cassidy were buzzing in his brain. “You’ve got to ‘rag out’—to ‘max through’—all next week in ‘descriptive,’ and all through review, or you lose the head of the class!”

And all the time Ritter, a hard worker, sat patiently “boning away” at his “Calculus,” oftentimes rapidly figuring on his slate, a thing Leroy despised. And there they sat as the next sentries made their perfunctory inspection (by

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a kick at the door and the query "All right?"—a query which, answered in kind, meant that only the two legitimate occupants were present and nobody else).

Along towards nine a single tap on the doors of the ground-floor rooms, followed instantly by the rasp of chairs as the soldier-students sprang to attention, announced that the company commander was making his evening rounds, and mechanically Ritter and Leroy transferred themselves into rigid shapes, erect and precise, gazing blankly at the opposite fireplace, as the same rap came at their portal and a natty forage-cap and keen-eyed face appeared one instant at the door. Then back they dropped to the allotted task, and still Leroy was far from the light.

Those two cones were baffling as ever. No use to ask Ritter,—he had only scraped through "descriptive" the previous year. Besides, however much a man in danger of discharge for failure might seek aid of other cadets, it was a point of honor in the corps that rivals for first

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place should be beholden to nobody but themselves for knowledge of the subject under discussion. Yet when nine o'clock boomed from the tower of the "Old Academic," Clem Leroy knew he had not mastered the two cones, and, as for working off an extra, he could no more do it than fly. Yet there was Cassidy on the floor above—why, the whole class was talking of what Old Snifty had said, almost despairingly, to Billings and to Cassidy, shamelessly content to lag with the lower sections instead of being in the seats of the mighty:

"You young gentlemen ought to be in the first section; it is only indolence that keeps you here." If only Cassidy—didn't care to reel off that extra that he was talking about—it would be of no use to him. If only——

Bang! came another rifle-butt on the door, and the head of the corporal of the guard poked in. "Time to turn out, Ritter," said he, and vanished.

Ritter, with a sigh, laid down his book, tore off his worn study-jacket, hastily donned and

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buttoned his gray coatee, slipped into his belt and accoutrements, pulled on his white gloves, and vanished.

He was one of the three corporals of the guard for the day. His relief was to walk from nine-ten until nearly taps. He was due at the guard-house, and Leroy was alone—alone with his perplexities—alone with his temptation. The sentry of the last relief—Ritter's—noisily climbed the iron stairs and stirred up the division, as had his predecessor.

"All right," answered Leroy, without looking up from his book; but, instead of going, the sentry opened the door.

"Got that two cones, Leroy? Oh, boning it now, are you?" It was Hawkes, of his own class and section, one of the leaders in the race for the Fives, a rival not to be despised.

Clem looked up with a lazy, languid yawn, stretched his arms on high, and threw himself back in the chair. It was one of his weaknesses to feign languid indifference, no matter how difficult might be the lesson.

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“Just glancing over it a moment, Hawkey. Got any extras yet?”

“Extras! Jeewhillikins, it's tough enough without that! Say, Cassidy's going. The Supe sent for him a while ago. Too bad, ain't it?” he continued, for Jack was popular. Then Hawkes went his way along the resounding halls.

Cassidy going! Cassidy, who had “descriptive” at his tongue and fingers' ends, yet could fizzle out in pure mathematics and get “found” on demerit. Again Leroy bent over his book. Oh, yes. Like any parrot he could rattle off the words of the page. Like any copyist he could reproduce every line, trace, point, or projection of the plate; but suppose Old Snifty should seek to probe—suppose that second cone were inverted, or the axis of the first set to pierce the second at a different angle. There was the rub!

Away out on the moonlit plain the drums and fifes were just striking up tattoo when a bounding step was heard in the hall and in came Cas-

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sidy, flushed, excited, but striving to keep a stiff upper lip.

“ Off first thing in the morning, Clem. Resignation accepted by telegraph! I’ve got a commission in the ——th New York. What’s the use of my trying to study here when all my tribe are in active service? It’s different with you young fellows, but I’m over twenty. Oh, been boning the cones? That’s right. I want to see you keep the head, old boy. I wouldn’t have bothered you but for that. You’ll forgive it, won’t you?”

“ It’s I who should apologize,” said Leroy, rising and throwing a handkerchief over the sheet on which his pencil had been tracing unintelligible figures. “ I didn’t mean to be ungrateful, only, Jack, I don’t share your fears at all. There’s nothing in that two cones that I find so difficult. Hawkes was here a while ago growling about it, but I’m blessed if I can see why.”

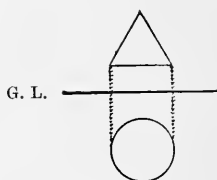
“ Can you twist the cones every which way?” asked Cassidy eagerly. “ Bully! Then you’re

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all right! I've promised to help Finney to-night. You fellows in the first section of course won't mind. He's likely to drop out of the second section if I don't. Oh, did you try any extras?"

"One or, possibly, two. Was yours—what'd I do with that paper, anyhow?" said Leroy, his face flushing hot, as he hunted under chairs and table. "No, not that one," he interposed, as Cassidy lifted the handkerchief to aid in the search. Leroy quickly crumpled the page and tossed it aside. "Here, here's Ritter's slate, that'll do. Now, look here. Here's your ground-line," * and he drew a broad streak with the pencil. "Here's your horizontals," and he scrawled a brace of rude circles underneath. "Here's your verticals." They were purposely

* In descriptive geometry a problem is indicated by lines straight, curved, and dotted. The first thing is to draw the ground-line, after which above it are drawn the "vertical projections" and below it the "horizontals." Thus:



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widely variant from those of the plate. "It's easy enough as it stood. *This* makes it interesting!"

"Why, Clem, that's simpler than the sample. Just look here," and with that, taking the pencil from his hand, with bold, dashing strokes, Cassidy sketched in a series of lines, some full, some dotted, and eagerly rushed on with his explanation.

"That's not right," suddenly interposed his listener, who hung on every word.

"The devil it isn't! Look here!" And the proof came swift as pencil and tongue could move. "See it? Why, Leroy, I'm betting anything you like——" He hurried on, more and more intent on proving to the head of the class his own superior knowledge.

But Leroy still opposed, argued, and compelled of the lecturer complete and thorough demonstration and new and careful drawing, until after fifteen minutes' work Cassidy's extra was as plain to him as the open skies; and then Ritter came hurrying aloft to tear off his

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“trimmings” and again set to work. The first thing he wanted was his slate, and was surprised to find that the drawing of the cycloid he had left was replaced by an intricate work in “descriptive.”

“Oh, Cassidy and I were just wrangling over a problem,” said Leroy hurriedly and airily. “Good-night, old man. I suppose you’re going to trot round and see the class. Now, if there’s anything I’ve got in the way of ‘cits,’—clothes, collars, neckwear, or cash, Jack,—you know where to come.” And then, as though something else had occurred to him, bolted out after his departing classmate, and never returned until the stroke of ten, just in time to throw down his bedding and leap, shoes and all, beneath the blanket, as the inspector of subdivisions thrust his bull’s-eye in at the open door as the drum beat “taps,” the signal for lights out for the night.

At eight in the morning Jack Cassidy had said good-by to the corps—no trivial matter, that, in the war days!—and the bugle sounded the as-

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sembly for first recitation. The first section, Fourth Class, marched away in soldier silence, climbing the wooden stairway outside the "Old Academic," and was swallowed up in the corridors. Every man of the dozen felt it to be a vital day. The stiffest problems of the course were in the lesson. Stone, Treadway, Hawkes, and others were sent to the front and side boards, and then the "section-marcher," Leroy, was called to the floor.

He had not been "up on questions" for over a week. It was a natural chance, yet one or two members left at their seats exchanged significant glances. Leroy had too much luck. He always "maxed" on questions, for rules and definitions—anything in the text—he memorized with consummate ease. There were not lacking men to wish that that sharp, keen instructor had given the two cones to him.

There was an undercurrent of doubt as to the depth of his knowledge, and a belief that either Stone or Treadway was much his superior. Yet, though Treadway made a flawless demonstra-

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tion when called upon to recite, and gave the version of the text with ease, he showed some distress under cross-examination. Stone too stood up gallantly with a problem well-nigh as trying, but winced over certain transpositions wrought by the swift-scratching chalk in the instructor's hands. "Two-nine's the best either of them can hope for," was the verdict of the section as it broke ranks at nine-thirty, "and Leroy's made a 'max' sure as death!"

Leroy bounded to his room, radiant. Another day, another recitation, and still he had held his own. Now,—if only he could escape being called up on one of those two teasers in the lesson of that day!

Then came Saturday morning. Last day of the week. Last day of advance work, and the lesson of the day presented no great difficulty. The "high fences" were gone by. The section held its breath again as the brilliant mathematician, in whose hands for so many years lay the fate of so many Fourth-Class men, began below the middle of the section, sent four men to the

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front boards on the lesson of the day, then paused one moment.

“Full justice was not done the subject yesterday,” said he musingly. “Let us hear once more from the two cones.”

There was a silence as of utter inanition. Then the Captain looked to his right, where sat the head of the section, inclined his head, and said “Mr. Leroy.”

A long sigh of relief came from more than one breast, and then a look of bewilderment on more than one face, for Leroy, as he stepped to the side board behind his bench, had gone white almost as the chalk he took in his trembling fingers.

In five minutes every eye, except those of the cadet actually reciting, was fixed upon that corner, for rapidly, accurately, with chalk, string, and ruler, Leroy was making a finished and well-nigh flawless reproduction of the famous problem, but making it, not in the centre, but in the upper left-hand half of the board, a clear indication that he was reserving the other half for an extra.

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In less than fifteen minutes he had finished the first and, under the gaze of almost the entire section, had begun another. Not so rapidly now, but with elaborate care, he drew his projections and traces, and Stone, Treadway, and Hawkes, forgetful of section-room etiquette, instead of paying strict attention to the recitation going on at the moment, were sitting sideways and staring at Leroy's board. Three men at the front had finished their recitations, three more had been sent to replace them, when Leroy, after careful study of his drawing, laid down chalk and ruler, picked up a pointer, and faced to the front. At that moment the door opened and—short, rotund, and whiskered after the fashion of the fifties, garbed in dark-blue swallow-tail with the Engineer button, in buff nankeen waistcoat, and lifting his tall black beaver from his bald crown—there entered Old Snifty himself, that almost peerless professor.

Section and instructor rose to their feet and stood at attention until he dropped into his chair. The fourth man up, with dismay in his face,

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began his demonstration, and within ten minutes almost had Snifty in tears. There was excited colloquy a few moments more, the Professor exhorting, almost pleading, as was his wont when thoroughly aroused, and finally Cadet Lamb was sent to his seat with the assured conviction that he was doomed to a drop to a lower section. And then, as though in deep dejection, the Professor turned to the next victim. The silence was intense as the instructor nodded to Leroy.

With consummate ease, confidence, and fluency the head of the section began, his pointer flitting over the finished drawing, and the cloud that had settled on Old Snifty's troubled face began to lift. Then came nods of approval, then smiles of satisfaction. Then, as the demonstration drew to its triumphant and unbroken close, the little monarch of the mathematical course was standing tilting on his toes, hands clasped behind him, joyously following every rounded sentence, until at the last words his eyes sparkled and his lips framed running accompani-

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ment—"Exactly!"—"Simple and luminous!"—and so on, until, as in the ordinary run of a recitation, Leroy should have stopped for the inevitable questioning.

But he did not. Never pausing, he swung his pointer to the second figure. "It may be determined otherwise," said he, and, with the Professor beaming with delight, plunged into as polished, fluent, and finished a demonstration as the first.

The section listened, breathless. The instructor, pulling at his jetty beard, watched with gleaming eyes. As though forgetful of every other presence, Leroy addressed himself direct to the Professor, whose hands came from behind him and kept time to his tilting, softly beating together while the honored old head nodded constant approval and joy. At last it was finished, and Snifty could hardly wait for the final word.

"Excellent! Most excellent, Mr. Leroy! It is nearly five years since we have had the mate to it. I congratulate you on such thorough comprehension of so beautiful and important a sub-

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ject. I own I had feared last week that it was to be otherwise. Young gentlemen, it should be just as luminous to every one of your number. That will do, Mr. Leroy—that will do, sir. Most excellent!”

And so, without the probing or cross-questioning that might have followed had not the Professor himself said “That will do,” Clement Leroy took his seat, and Bob Stone, sitting next him, held forth a warm, broad, generous hand in manful congratulation, and took in his own a slim, tremulous member that was cold as ice.

“By all that’s great, Leroy, that extra makes you head in spite of last week!” was Treadway’s salutation, as the section broke ranks. “By all that’s ‘luminous,’ ” said the first section generally, “that was the prettiest recitation of the term!” It was the concession of all hearers that Leroy had been “boning” very hard. There was only one man who felt that he must question further. Captain Harnden called the “section-marcher” to the board on the following Monday and asked him, for the benefit of the section,

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once more to draw and explain the extra. Leroy turned gray again, but obeyed.

“The Professor said that not in five years had that been excelled, Mr. Leroy, and certainly not in that way has the problem been solved since my detail two years ago. Talking it over with the Professor, he tells me that he recalls only two instances of its being done in just that way. Pardon me; did you—have this at college?”

“No, sir.”

“You were not—you had no previous knowledge of it? It is—your own work—in fine?”

“It—only came to me as I was studying it—Thursday night, sir.”

“That is sufficient, Mr. Leroy.”

June came. The examinations were rigidly carried through. The graduating class was hurried away to the front. The joyous “furlough-men,” Ritter among them, donned the dark-blue uniform of the Engineers, as then prescribed, and, rejoicing, took the day-boat for New York. The two remaining classes marched into camp, bedecked, some sixteen of each, with their new

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chevrons. True to prediction, Stone and soldierly little Woods were rated above Leroy on the list of corporals, but the head of the class was still Leroy's, and he was feverishly, recklessly gay.

The summer was given to soldier-work, study being abandoned. Then came September, the return of the furloughmen, the striking of camp, and Cadet Sergeant Ritter and Cadet Corporal Leroy moved into the third-floor area room of the seventh division, and the first thing Jim Ritter noted was that his handsome, debonair chum of the year ago had lost flesh, and had grown fitful, nervous, and petulant. He seemed incapable of steady application. Not content with a pipe during "release from quarters," as was then allowed, he would smoke at forbidden hours. He, who used to sleep like a child, tossed and moaned and muttered at night.

One evening during the first week of study Ritter dragged his old slate from the iron shelf under the table, and sat with pencil poised while he gazed over the text. All on a sudden he felt

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the slate going, and looking quickly up, was amazed to see Leroy's face white and twitching. Leroy's hand was tugging at the frame, and, glancing at the surface, Ritter saw still lingering there the lines and traces of some intricate work in "descriptive."

Then with the quickness of thought it all came over him,—Jack Cassidy's visit, Jack Cassidy's boast, his own return from guard to find Jack Cassidy again there, and Cassidy's drawing, not Clem's, on the slate. Then he recalled how, just before the June examination, the yearlings, Leroy's classmates, were talking about his remarkable work in "descriptive." Then he remembered how, in all the excitement of breaking up for furlough, he heard them congratulating Leroy on getting that very subject at examination and making a brilliant passage in consequence, and now—now he read in his roommate's ghastly face actual terror at sight of this tracing in Cassidy's bold, trenchant hand. He recalled the talk he had heard among the yearlings concerning the significant questions asked by Cap-

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tain Harnden, and of Leroy's prompt disposal of the matter. Good God! What did this mean, then? This, his old chum, the brilliant, buoyant classmate of the years gone by,—the hope of that charming household at his home, more than all, the beloved brother of her—of Kate Leroy,—could it be that by foul means he had held the head of his class—that he, Kate Leroy's brother, had *lied*? There was only one result to that crime at the Point—ruin! His face, though set and firm, was nearly as white as Leroy's as he demanded,—

“What do you wish to do?”

“To wipe that off,” was the half-smothered answer.

“My God, Clem Leroy, there's something back of this you—*can't* wipe off! You used Cassidy's extra to keep the head of the class!”

“It's a damnable lie!” was the furious answer. “His was all wrong. It merely gave me a cue to another that was all right.”

“On your honor, Clem?”

“On my—— What business is it of yours?”

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How dare *you* accuse me?" was the loud, furious demand.

Almost instantly the door flew open and the cadet lieutenant in charge of the subdivision darted in.

"What on earth's the matter? You two quarrelling?" he cried, as Ritter quickly turned the slate face downward. "What is it, I say?"

"Ritter has insulted me," scowled Leroy, trembling like a leaf. And still Ritter was silent. A swift, bounding step was heard coming up the iron stairs and along the hall. Then on the door came the single, sudden, imperative rap that announced a commissioned officer. A smart, soldierly, mustachioed Lieutenant in natty uniform strode in, each cadet at the instant standing rigidly at attention and staring at nothing or the opposite wall.

"Visiting, I see, and tobacco smoke in quarters," began the new-comer, when with a bound the senior cadet threw himself upon him.

"Jack Cassidy, by all that's marvellous!" he cried, wringing the visitor's hands. "What, on

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furlough?" Then turned at sight of the perplexity in the volunteer's face.

"What's amiss with you two?" asked Cassidy in amaze, staring at Ritter, who stood pale and silent, and at Leroy, on whose forehead the sweat was starting in great beads.

"Tell me whose work this is," said Ritter, almost choking. Before Cassidy's hand could reach the slate, Leroy, with the leap of a panther, had seized it, hurled it to the floor, and trampled it to fragments, then rushed from the room.

Late that night, long after all inspections were over, Ritter rose from his bed and came over into Leroy's alcove. Neither had slept. "Clem," said Ritter, "promise me that first thing in the morning you will go to the Commandant and make a clean breast of it. It's the only way. The truth will be out before noon."

"D'you mean you'll—ruin me?"

"I? Didn't you notice that Cassidy wouldn't shake hands with you when you came back last night? Don't you know that it's known now,—

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that Harnden will hear it, and that I'll be questioned?"

"S'pose you are? What do you know? What does anybody know, 'cept that Cassidy's extra and mine were something alike?"

"I know they were exactly one and the same, Clem, and so, down in your heart, do you."

Just after second recitation next day, while Leroy had marched with the first section to French, Captain Harnden came to the guard-house and sent an orderly drummer for Cadet Ritter. Together they went to the Commandant's office, and when Ritter returned and a classmate bolted in to see what on earth Harnden had wanted of him, he found Ritter, face downward on his bedding, sobbing like a child.

That evening after dress parade the four companies came dancing in at double-quick through the echoing sallyport, and promptly formed line again, facing the barracks. There, opposite the centre, stood the adjutant. Then and there—at the very last on the list of delinquencies—there

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was read out the startling, damning, ruinous report:

“Omission. Leroy, conduct unbecoming a cadet and a gentleman. Presenting the mathematical work of another cadet as his own, and making false statement to instructor concerning same, May 10th and 12th.”

There was awful silence when, a moment later, the battalion broke ranks. All eyes turned to where Leroy generally stood on the right of Company “D,” but he was not there. Placed “in close arrest” by the personal order of the Commandant, in course of the afternoon, he had deliberately absented himself from parade.*

“How was it found out?” asked the Third Class in mingled wrath and shame, and it was Leroy who told the few who came to offer a word of pity,—a suggestion of aid to the ruined lad. It was Leroy who declared that Ritter, his own roommate, had misrepresented and betrayed him. Before the truth could be known

* Officers and cadets “in arrest” are not under guard. They are simply “on honor” restricted to certain limits.

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and justice done, burly Rube Walton, of the yearlings, had taunted Ritter with being a sneak and a tattler, and was knocked flat in a second. Then followed four days of warfare between the classes, with Leroy gone in disgrace, and then the Third began to realize the whole truth and to see their fault, and so at the Point the tale was ended.

But there was bitter grief at home. The Leroy's could not be made to see that Clement had in any way brought disgrace upon them. "It was all due to the hypercritical, quixotic code that dominated West Point," said they. "It was the spiteful work of Jim Ritter, who revenged himself on poor Clement because Kate did not respond to his advances." But that was false, as was Clem's statement in effect. Far and wide the father sought the vanished son, but sought in vain.

The last summer of the war came on. Ritter, just joining his battery as a young lieutenant, had received a glowing welcome from Captain Cassidy, now of Meade's staff, in front of

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Petersburg, and, though at somewhat long range, had received his baptism of fire in the general attack on the Confederate works. The third day of the fierce and continuous hammering had opened when an order came to the battery commander to send two guns to a point of wood nearly opposite a blazing salient of the enemy's line, and with beating heart, but determined bearing, young Ritter rode away to his first serious engagement. In twenty minutes he was at it hot and heavy, hurling shell and shrapnel across the intervening rifle pits and catching the full force of a savage reply. His own horse was down, and eight of his men, when Cassidy came trotting through the low-hanging smoke.

"My God, Ritter!" he cried, "who sent you here? You'll lose everything you've got in five minutes. Limber up and get out! I'll be responsible. Retire—by order of General Meade."

"Limer to the rear!" yelled Ritter, turning to where his horses and caissons were partially sheltered by a ravine, and waving his gauntlet

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in signal. With plying whip the drivers made brave effort to come up with the teams, but already six of their horses were rolling in agony, while a lead-driver was dead, and before a cannoneer could be found to take his place, there came running through the smoke a young fellow in worn cavalry jacket who leaped like a monkey into the vacant saddle, and with a rush and sweep and circling swing, four horses, at least, with the limber, were whirled round at the trail of the remaining gun, and then away they went full tilt for the rear. Three minutes more, and what was left of the section hauled up in a sheltered roadway back of the Union works, and an irate Corps Commander demanded by whose order those guns were sent to such jeopardy.

“By General ——’s,” said the battery Captain, riding up at the moment. “Here’s the paper, and, by Heaven! there lies the orderly that brought it!”

“That?” cried Ritter. “Why, that’s the man that saved my right gun! He jumped into saddle and drove like a fiend.”

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“He’s shot through and through, sir, and he wants to speak to the Lieutenant,” said an old sergeant, coming up. Another moment and Ritter, and Cassidy too, had run to the stricken man, on whose face the death-dews were starting. One look was enough. Ritter threw himself upon his knees, while a cry of mingled grief and recognition broke from his lips.

“Clem—poor old fellow!—You!”

For answer there was but a flicker of a smile, a clammy, feeble pressure from the almost nerveless hand; then one swift, piteous, appealing glance at Cassidy, who also flung himself upon his knees, and, blinded by starting tears, groped for and grasped the other hand. Then both bent their heads to catch the hoarse, whispered words, uttered with almost superhuman effort.

“Jim, will this—extra—wipe out—that other—that wasn’t mine?—Will you—tell——”

And then the curly head lay heavily on Ritter’s circling arm. The weary eyelids drooped. There came one faint, fluttering sigh, and from the hands of the two who best had loved him in

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the buoyant, hopeful days before the great temptation, and yet, in implicit observance of the unwritten but implacable code that rules that chosen corps, had denounced his breach of trust, Clement Leroy passed onward to the infinite pity—the Divine Mercy of that final examination whose issue is eternity.

ANNAPOLIS

A HAZING INTERREGNUM

THEY were having a high time in Room 78 in the new quarters. It was the free half-hour between the close of the evening study period at half-after nine o'clock and the sounding of "taps," which occurred at ten. That is, it was a free period for everybody except the "plebes," or Fourth-Class men. They were never free in the early part of their first academic year from visitations by diabolically ingenious and entirely ruthless upper-class men. The high time in Room 78 consisted of a little quiet hazing.

Robert Bird was an unusual product of one of the lumber camps of Michigan. He came of a sturdy and brave but obscure family, and had been obliged to work himself through the public schools of the little town of Darien. When he had gained an appointment to the Naval Acad-

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emy at Annapolis, Maryland, after two severe competitive examinations, the joy that filled his own heart scarcely equalled the pride that his widowed mother took in his exploits,—a pride which was shared by all the inhabitants of the district in which he lived.

Bird was a big, broad-shouldered, good-humored boy, full of fun and able to enjoy a jest as much as any one, but socially he was painfully shy and timid. He would have tackled a wild-cat much more cheerfully than he would have addressed a lady,—meaning no disrespect to the lady, of course,—and the newness and strangeness of the Naval Academy filled him with unutterable awe. As he said, he had “never seen such a great city as Annapolis before, because he had never been farther than seven miles from Darien in his life.”

The indefinite nature of the authority exercised by the upper-class men, his inability to distinguish an officer from a cadet, and his natural bashfulness made Bird an easy mark. For instance, when he was asked by certain bold spirits

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what he came to the Academy for, he replied honestly, "To fit myself to serve my country," and when, with biting sarcasm, the inquiry was put to him as to what he could do to serve his country, he answered simply, in default of anything else, that he could die for it, he supposed, with a touch of his hardy ancestry permeating his reply, he was dumfounded to be greeted with shouts of derisive laughter and suggestions that he was probably right, that his death would be the best thing that could possibly happen for his country, and that he would better begin the process of dying immediately. He was sure when the study call sounded and they left him alone that they were right, and, so far as he was concerned, he was so miserable that he had no objections to offer.

It had been impressed upon him by an old soldier who lived in the village that he would probably meet with rough handling, and that he would better take it coolly, as it would then soon be discontinued; that there was one thing that he could not do, and that was to fight

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against the enmity and dislike of the upper-class men. It had also been drummed into his ear that the basic requirement of the service was obedience, and that he ought to obey everybody over him—in the Navy as well as in the Lord.

He had not learned, as I say, to discriminate, and consequently he carried out the commands of the hazers with a promptness and fidelity which wearied them of the attempt to “run” him, as the phrase went, so they presently left him alone, there being no amusement in the acquiescence of the willing. In fact, some of the older men espoused him, as was the custom, and gave him such assistance as would serve to initiate him into the academic customs and practices.

Unfortunately, however, a foolish article appeared in the *Darien Argus* of which he was the subject, and came to light at the Academy. The local scribbler had indulged in heroics, and one phrase of his diatribe against the prevalent practice of hazing at the Academy naturally took the fancy of the cadets. It ran something like this:

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“The brutal hazers would not dare to try their cowardly tricks on the brawny son of Darien!”

The whole Academy swooped down on “Balboa”—they called him that from a vague association of ideas with the Isthmus—*en masse*. He was forced to read the article aloud for the delectation of the multitude so often that he grew to know it by heart. It finally occurred to one original genius that the delivery would be much more striking if Balboa should say it standing on his head.

The cadet to whom this idea had occurred was a little fellow—just up to the regulation size. He was a first-class man and would graduate the following June. Many things depended on his graduation. He too came from a humble family, but one with good American blood in its veins. He stood at the head of his class, and was Cadet-Lieutenant-Commander of the battalion, the highest cadet officer of the school. Rumor whispered that he was engaged to the daughter of the superintendent. Failing his profession as a naval officer he had nothing: in

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that he might hope to shine brilliantly should any opportunity of distinction ever present itself. It was a foolish thing, therefore, for him to jeopardize his material prospects and his love-affair as well by indulging in the practice of hazing.

When he directed Bird to stand on his head and recite the infernal doggerel, the big fellow hesitated.

“By jinks!” he said, “if it was anybody but you, Mr. Thayer, I wouldn’t do it. Fun’s fun, but this is too much. I’ve just about had enough of it, and if you were my size, I’d fight you; but you’re too little for me, if you are the Cadet-Lieutenant-Commander: I could eat you up!”

Thayer’s face flushed.

“Look here, Mr. Bird,” he said, “never you mind about my size,”—it was a sore point with him,—“you just scramble down on your head and say your little piece, and bear a hand about it, or we’ll settle it right here. I’m quite big enough to fight, you will find.”

“Hold on, Thayer, the plebe’s right,” said

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one of the other men; "you are no match for him, but I am. I'll tackle him in your place. Now, Mr. Bird——"

"No, you don't, Emery," answered Thayer stubbornly, "I'm doing this 'running' myself. Will you get down, or will you not get down, plebe?"

"Oh, I'll get down all right," answered Bird wrathfully, and then he turned to Emery. "I'm doin' it, I want you to know, because he's too little to fight, but after I am done with him, if you want to try to make me do it, why, you just can!"

Thayer stamped his foot in rage.

"I want no more of this back talk!" he shouted, with all the imperiousness of his four stripes; whereupon Bird, with rebellion in his heart and a determination that he would take vengeance on Emery, who, to do him credit, seemed in no wise disconcerted by the prospect, dropped his head and hands on the floor, lifted his big feet in the air, and began, in the most sepulchral and disgusted tones, to remark that

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"The brutal hazers would not dare to try their cowardly tricks on the brawny son of Darien!"

The situation was so strained that there was no humor in it, but before the affair was terminated there came a sudden interruption. A hand was laid upon the door. The clinking of a sword betrayed the advent of the officer-in-charge. Before the door was opened one of the cadets turned off the light, and the three hazers scrambled through the window and disappeared on the balcony before the officer-in-charge saw who they were. Bird dropped down ungracefully and scrambled up to his feet with a very red face and saluted the officer. He was humiliated at having been caught in such an attitude, but he was too new at the Academy to understand the serious predicament in which he had become involved. A match was struck and the gas lighted.

"Well, sir," demanded the officer-in-charge, "what were you doing when I came in?"

"I was reciting a piece, sir," said Bird.

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“ Oh, you were, were you? What was the piece?”

“ I—I don’t like to tell you, sir,” replied the abashed boy.

“ I am not inquiring as to your likes and dislikes, Mr. Bird. You will obey my orders.”

Very reluctantly Bird repeated the statement which damnable reiteration had made so loathsome to him. The officer bit his lip to hide a smile as he remarked,—

“ That’s what you were saying, was it?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Was that all you were doing?”

“ No, sir.”

“ What else?”

“ I was standing on my head, sir.”

“ Were you taught to recite pieces in that way?”

“ No, sir.”

“ Well, what were you doing it just now for?”

Silence.

“ Who were those cadets in the room?—those who escaped through the window?”

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Still silence.

"In short, Mr. Bird, you were being hazed, weren't you?"

No answer.

"Come, sir, I require an answer! You surely were not standing on your head in the corner of the room reciting that ridiculous monologue for your own amusement! It was hazing, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bird.

"Aha! Who did it?"

Again no answer.

"Mr. Bird, your conduct is contumacious and disobedient, sir. You will answer me immediately, or I will report you for being hazed, for not resenting an insult, and for disobedience of orders."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the dismayed cadet in his heart, but he made no reply.

"For the last time, will you tell me?"

"No, sir, I can't," answered the unfortunate youth.

The next day the unfortunate son of Darien

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was reported for about half the crimes in the midshipman's decalogue. It was noticed that the voice of Cadet-Lieutenant-Commander Thayer, who was charged with the duty of reading the reports at the dinner formation, trembled slightly when he came to that portion, and that he did not rattle off the catalogue of offences with his usual disdainful fluency. Bird, in due course, was summoned before the Commandant-of-Cadets, and by him referred to the superintendent, and by the superintendent to a Board of Investigation.

Hazing had been prevalent at the Academy that fall, and the authorities were determined to stamp it out—forever, if possible, or for the time being, at any rate. Bird found he was in a terrible situation. He had steadfastly refused to give the name of the man who had hazed him, and was then threatened with dismissal from the Academy. Also, in spite of his pleadings, the charge which really hurt him worse than anything else—namely, that he had not resented an insult—was still allowed to stand. The superin-

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tendent, with the report of the Board of Investigation before him,—which Board had elicited nothing, by the way,—was in a furious mood. The usually genial old Admiral was not a man to be balked at best, and Bird had a dreadful quarter of an hour when he was called before him.

In unsparing terms the Admiral pointed out to him the consequences of his action—dismissal from the Academy, the termination of an honorable and distinguished career, and the blighting of all his hopes. As he listened to the stern, cold words of the old man, the boy's mind went back to the little town of Darien and to that old mother and the pride she had taken in his hard-earned appointment. He felt again the joy of his friends and acquaintances, the simple folk of the town. He realized what his dismissal would mean to them, and yet he could not tell. His boyish notion of honor would not permit him to betray a schoolmate.

The old Admiral at last descended to plead and reason with him, pointing out to him how unmanly was the practice of hazing, and how his

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duty demanded that he should do his best to break it up, that the cadets themselves ought to help him; but he did not move the boy. There was something in his unshakable determination that was in itself admirable, and though the Admiral was bitterly disappointed in his refusal, he could not but respect the tenacity with which he clung to his idea of honor, and in a burst of generosity he agreed to withdraw the charge of cowardice. That was some consolation—but not much.

Bird went back to his quarters after the interview with the certainty of dismissal before him and with the saddest heart in the world. He sat down alone in the little, bare room and buried his head in his hands and wept. He had not seen Thayer since the night of the hazing, and he scorned to appeal to him. The making of a knight of olden time was in that boy.

As far as Thayer was concerned, he was scarcely less miserable than Bird. He knew his duty, yet so much was at stake—his commission in the navy, his whole future, his sweet-

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heart; he believed the Admiral would never give his daughter to a man dishonorably dismissed from the service for hazing or for any other cause. Therefore he did not speak. He did not realize how serious the matter had become for his victim, however, and consequently, when the conduct report and orders were handed him that day at dinner formation, he was petrified with astonishment and remorse when he came across the following:

“By the direction of the superintendent the charge of cowardice against Cadet Midshipman Bird of the Fourth Class is withdrawn, but Cadet Midshipman Bird, having submitted to hazing and having refused to reveal the names of those who hazed him, by the direction of the Board of Inquiry is recommended to the Secretary of the Navy for dismissal from the Naval Academy and the Naval Service. Pending the result of this recommendation, Cadet Midshipman Bird will be quartered in solitary confinement on the United States ship *Santee*.”

It was an awful punishment, such as had not been known at the Academy under the circumstances, but the superintendent was determined to stamp out hazing, and had resorted to this

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drastic measure in the first case which had come to his attention. As Thayer read the paper, his voice faltered more and more. It so happened that the Admiral and the Commandant-of-Cadets had strolled across the grounds and were standing back of the Cadet-Lieutenant-Commander, overlooking dinner formation. As Thayer finished the reading of this fearful order he stopped. There was a moment of painful silence.

“Go on with the reading of the other orders, Mr. Thayer,” remarked the officer-in-charge in great surprise.

The consequences of his action had flashed before the young cadet in that moment of hesitation. He made up his mind, like a man, that he would do his duty, come what might.

“Sir,” he said, raising his voice so that it was audible to the whole battalion, and the Admiral and Commandant as well, as he turned on his heel and saluted the officer-in-charge, “I cannot allow this to go any further. I will relieve Cadet Midshipman Bird at all hazards. I am the man

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whose name he has refused to give, who was hazing him last Tuesday night."

A gasp of astonishment ran through the motionless ranks of the cadets. The adjutant from his position on the right of the battalion suddenly stepped to the front, faced about, and lifted his hand.

"Three cheers," he cried in a voice that could have been heard all over the Academy, "for Cadets Thayer and Bird!"

The officer-in-charge judiciously waited until the emotion of the cadets had found vent in the three cheers and a tiger before he took action, then, after a whispered word or two with the Admiral, he stated that the orders regarding Cadet Bird were suspended for the present, and that Cadet Thayer was to report at the superintendent's office under arrest.

"My boy," said the old Admiral, when Thayer presented himself before him, "that was nobly done. By Gad, sir, it was as brave a thing as I ever saw! I have got to report you to the Secretary of the Navy, and I have no doubt

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that you will lose your commission, but I want to say to you that I think more highly of you than I ever did."

"Miss—Miss Janet, sir. I suppose this will end it all?"

"No, sir, it will not. I shall be proud to have you for my son-in-law, even if you were such a young fool; and if she does not agree with me, I'll—I'll——"

"Oh, thank you, Admiral!" broke in Thayer, not waiting for the dire conclusion of the Admiral's threat. "Give me time, sir, and if I am not to serve Uncle Sam I will show you—— But there, I won't boast."

"A deputation of cadets from the three upper classes of the Academy with Cadet Midshipman Bird of the Fourth Class, with permission of the Commandant to see the Admiral, sir," interrupted the marine orderly at this moment.

"Show them in, orderly. You may remain, Mr. Thayer. Well, what is it, young gentlemen?" asked the Admiral.

"Sir," said the spokesman of the party, the

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ranking First-Class man of the group, "we held a meeting of the cadets after dinner to-day, and it was unanimously resolved by the three upper classes, the plebes—I beg your pardon, sir, the Fourth Class—naturally concurring with us, to do away with hazing and running so long as we are at the Academy, and we hope, in consideration of this and of the heroic conduct of Cadet-Lieutenant-Commander Thayer and Cadet Midshipman Bird, that you—that—you—would—er—— In short, won't you ask the Secretary of the Navy to pass it by this time, sir?"

"Young gentlemen," said the Admiral, his weather-beaten face flushing with pleasure, "your conduct does you honor, but it is what I might expect from the future officers of the United States Navy, especially with such examples of sailorly honor before them as that of the two young gentlemen in question. Tell your classmates I will see what can be done with the Secretary of the Navy, and all punishments incurred on this occasion will be suspended until I receive his orders. Mr. Thayer, you are re-

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lieved from arrest. Mr. Bird, you are not to go to the Santee. Mr. Thayer, you may take command of the battalion once more; and let me tell you one thing, sir, that no man can command other men until he has learned to command himself. That's all."

A chorus of "Thank you, sir," arose from the little body of cadets, which was rudely broken by the Admiral.

"That will do!" he cried peremptorily. "Be off with you! Shake a leg!"

And that is the origin of the intimacy between Cadets Thayer and Bird, and that is how hazing was stopped at the Academy — for a certain period in its history, at least.

CORNELL

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

SINCE the seventies—back in the old days—things have changed. They were the good old times, when Cornell was young and boasted but two college buildings and no sidewalks, and when the Ten-Thirty Club, the mock programmes, and the two literary societies were everything. Cascadilla's gray walls then sheltered a public sanitarium; the first bridge across the lower gorge was barely finished, and to find a glass of beer one went, perforce, to the little unlicensed shop of the gunsmith, way down on Buffalo Street. Now, things are different. There are buildings and sidewalks everywhere, and an electric street railroad hums busily up the hills to the campus. It is just as well.

But of all the changes scattered along the

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trail of a rampant higher civilization that in Cornell's inner political life has been the most marked. In the seventies the most popular man ran for class office against the next in popularity. The friends of both buttonholed voters, talked to them for a while, walked up to the polls and voted, and the most popular man won. It was exciting and simple. The coming of thirty Greek-letter societies, half as many independent clubs, and ten times as many co-eds. has complicated matters.

Moody was "being run" for Senior Class President. Under the existing circumstances one seldom runs for an office at Cornell—he is always "being run." It is quite the same as in the outer world of politics. There are cliques, rings, bosses and under bosses, and all the rest of it. Personal popularity, although ever half the game, counts for no more in the absence of good backing from a hustling combination of societies and independents. Even the greenest of freshmen—the kind who, in their first terms, approach senior fraternity members with the

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sublimity of "Say, can I join your club?"—learn this immutable condition of things and, if impelled in the least by ambitions, fall to making deals among themselves before half the term is over. The entire system is an accepted feature of the university life. Votes are traded, favors stored away, rings organized, broken, reorganized, and campaigns planned and provided for months ahead.

Moody was ambitious. He wanted the office as the culminating triumph of four years of prominence, and he did not intend that anything should come between him and his desires. At the meeting held the evening before, in Theodore's, matters had shaped themselves exceedingly well. Moody was representative, a football man, a member of a good fraternity, and well liked. Consequently, and because he was first on the ground, his election looked certain. Almost every fraternity of importance, hoping in the event of his success for goodly Commencement Week and class honors, had fallen unswervingly behind him; almost every influential

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independent had pledged his support. His campaign managers were jubilant.

There is intense satisfaction in secretly reading the paragraph after one's name in the *Cornellian*. Moody hoped that to his already long list of honors, ending with '*Varsity Foot-ball Team* (1) (2) (3) (4), he might see added *Class President* (4). Besides, he expected a girl he knew up to his graduation. To gain both these ends he had been forced to reluctantly override Torresdale,—the one man in college who, outside of his own fraternity, had been his closest friend during three solid years.

This would have been all right had not Torresdale also been ambitious, and had he not set his heart upon the Chairmanship of the Senior Ball Committee. Torresdale understood politics and knew that in the event of Moody's success that honor must of necessity fall where it was legitimately due—to Fordyce, of the Delta Sigmas, in exchange for far greater influence than he could wield.

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“ Well, Moody,” he had said, “ I hate to work against you.”

“ Of course, and I hate to have you,” said Moody regretfully. “ Won’t a place on the Class Day Committee do?”

“ No,” replied Torresdale, “ I want the Senior Ball.”

Moody thumbed his lab. reports uneasily. “ You—we don’t want to fight,” he said.

“ It’s my only chance, and I want it as badly as you want the Presidency,” answered Torresdale gloomily.

Moody hesitated. The thought of the quietly affectionate intimacy of the last three years crept longingly in upon his heart. He was lacking in the philosophy of which Torresdale believed himself to be possessed, and he was fearful of the result of a struggle. For an instant only he set his teeth and told himself that there was no more reason for his abdication than for Torresdale’s. Then the longing crept back again and he turned impulsively. “ You know I would if I could,” he said.

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Torresdale caught him by the shoulders, in a way which meant many things, and laughed.

“Of course I know, old man,” he said; “I’ve run for office myself. You are ‘in the hands of your friends,’ and I’ve got to go against you—that’s all. It will all be impersonal, and it can’t make the least difference with us. We won’t let it. Politics are politics, and we will simply eliminate the personal equation.”

Allerton, of the Theta Psi’s, “Bug” Fulton, Rho Tau, and Torresdale, Gamma Chi, sat in a room on Heustis Street. Torresdale leaned on the table and spoke rapidly, his shock of curly foot-ball hair hanging, unheeded, on his forehead.

“Friendship does not count in politics,” he said energetically. “Moody can’t give us anything. His appointments will have to go, if he is elected, to the men with the biggest backing. I am not in that class this year, and I don’t see that either of you chaps are. Out of the combined senior classes in your fraternities you can’t

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give Moody five votes. His combination is too well under way to bother over men who can promise as little as we can. To run some one else and to fight with all the fight there is in us is our only chance."

Fulton shifted his feet and smoked on meditatively. He was in the habit of cautiousness. There was no craftier politician in college,—nor a more honest,—but until he had fully decided he seldom spoke. At present he waited for Allerton.

But Torresdale's truths were too self-evident to require much discussion, and both Allerton and Fulton were ambitious. Moreover, they wanted representation for their fraternities. Allerton asked a question or two, thought for a moment, and agreed. Then Fulton, without the least hesitation, and still wreathed in a cloud of smoke, rose, locked the door, and drew up his chair.

"Get busy," he suggested briefly.

The next morning the minority candidate took the field.

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Now, the voting strength of the average graduating class at Cornell runs to about two hundred and fifty. There are usually about fifty more who, for lack of time or inclination, take no part in the interests of their class. These are the men who go to college entirely because of the curriculum, and to whom a steam-engine or a psychology lecture is everything and class organization nothing. They are made differently from other men and are seldom bothered at election time.

Moody, seemingly invincible, had not judged it worth while to attempt to secure this element. This left one assailable spot in his armor, and Torresdale struck at it. In the ranks of the independents there chanced to be one man, and only one, who was capable, by his affiliations and character, of rousing the grinds to action. This man, whom few knew except by name, and whose sole prominence in university life was due to his having rowed number two in the 'Varsity boat since his freshman year, received Torresdale's frank proposition, listened to the argu-

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ments of the subtle Fulton, brushed aside Allerton's insidious flatteries, and—consented. At the very outset Torresdale had captured fifty votes.

The opposition laughed. Their confidence remained unshaken and they considered themselves in a position to laugh. The spectacle of Torresdale—Torresdale the aristocrat, the leader of cotillions—chumming around the campus with the comparatively uncouth new candidate was amusing. Torresdale, craftily on the lookout for such a demonstration, saw it, laughed back, and at once made political capital of it.

“Look there, Moore,” he said, pointing to a group of civil engineers in front of Lincoln Hall. “Those men are laughing at me because I have chosen to consider you the strongest man in the class to run for President.”

Moore shook his huge head doggedly. “I know why you came to me, Torresdale,” he said. “I’m no fool. But you have kept good faith with me and I am going to do the square thing.

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Maybe they will laugh differently afterwards. I've a few friends."

"Make them work then," said Torresdale with a burst of savageness. "Make every one of them hustle as though his life were in it."

"I'll see that they know the other side is laughing at me," said Moore grimly.

This was on the third day following the announcement of the new nomination. On the evening of the day after the first meeting of Moore's political leaders was held in the Rho Tau fraternity house. To begin with, Torresdale, Allerton, and Fulton, aided by Sterrin, an independent, and the representatives of two minor fraternities, met at seven o'clock and mapped out the line of aggression. This gathering was the ring proper—the brains of Moore's campaign. At about half-past seven the under-lieutenants drifted in, important, and ready with an amazing fertility of suggestion. By the exercise of careful diplomacy the brains of the campaign were to discover their

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plan of battle in the suggestions of the under-lieutenants. When this is done both rings fuse more amicably and work with better results, the brains contented in the knowledge of the adoption of their strategies and the outer ring secure in the belief that these strategies have emanated from their own sagacity.

Therefore Fulton addressed his first question to Blake, one of the later arrivals.

“How many men have we pledged?”

“Outside of the fifteen in this room, very few, I should say,” replied Blake. “We have been in the field too short a time for many actual pledges. I think we can count on getting seventy-five within a week.”

An independent, sitting stiffly by the door, rose and fell into the attitude he was accustomed to use before the Blaine Debating Society. Because he was a power in that institution, and because he wielded an influence in Cascadilla, Torresdale had taken particular pains to secure him. Broad of features and of feet, short in his coat-sleeves and trousers, a pair of small, colorless

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eyes peered with self-importance over his iron-bowed spectacles. The meeting shifted in amused anticipation; most of it had knowledge of Coyne's rhetorical periods.

"Gentlemen," he said solemnly, "we are few against many. We are as drops of water worming their slow way against the dykes of Holland. Yet a drop of water is a *powerful* thing and, if persevering, will eat holes in the *strongest* dykes. If we haven't votes pledged now, we will pledge them; if we can count on seventy-five within a week, we can pledge a hundred and fifty in two weeks. I look upon the candidacy of Myron T. Moore as a step towards *justice*, and I now promise you twenty votes in his favor."

"Good," said Torresdale emphatically. "I wish every man here could promise as many, and I think your suggestion of pledges is one to be most distinctly carried out. Now, as I figure it, Moody ought to be counting on about one hundred and ninety votes. We can control, among us here, about fifty; Moore promises fifty more,

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and I think I can get forty in Sage. You fellows can see that if we are going to win it means work."

"Divide the class in sections and make a personal canvass," suggested a man in a corner.

"Have each man make a list of the answers of each man he sees," supplemented Blake.

"I'll make out the lists—one for each man—to-night," said Allerton promptly.

Torresdale nodded. Things were going nicely. "Then let each man get as many pledges as he possibly can," he said forcibly. "Work on the campus, in Bobby's lectures, in the shops, the recitation rooms, down at Zincke's and the Kitchen—everywhere and all the time. Show the class that Moody has had his share of honors. Appeal to the justice of things and tell them that Moore deserves it. He's won three races for us; it's about time he was recognized. If you know of any deals or grudges against the other side, use them for all there is in it. Don't let up for one second, and remember that if we want to smash Moody's combination and elect Moore it's

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got to be fight without let up from now until the election is over.”

The meeting murmured applause and hitched its chairs closer. Little by little the inner ring carefully and under cover went on to lay out each man's work. Sterrin was to prepare the pledge-lists; Torresdale agreed to personally supervise the garnering of the co-educational vote. In the mean time, and afterwards, Fulton, Blake, and Coyne—the latter's territory being cautiously restricted—were to agitate Sibley, the shops, and the laboratories. Allerton was told off to sound and secure, if possible, any of the minor fraternities not bound by pledge to Moody. Later an attempt was to be made towards the sowing of dissension among the larger societies, that there might be discord with its many chances in the ranks of opposition. The other men were allotted, in groups and singly, to work among the different courses,—Arts, Science, Philosophy, and the rest. When the meeting adjourned every man stepped proudly and determinedly forth, firm in the conviction of

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his indispensability to the party, and ready to work with all the vim of success.

It will be seen that these things are not without system. Within a week the stock of Torresdale's candidate swept almost to par. The henchmen of the Moody contingent, though Moody still maintained a majority, ceased to laugh. The fight was on in earnest and they awoke to the realization.

And then they made a mistake and overdid things. They plotted to win votes by the strength and confidence of their showing, and to this end they erred and became cocky. Cockiness is fatal in college politics. Therefore when a Moody man, who had talked steadily from the bridge to McGraw Hall, ended his exhortation with: "We are going to win anyway. We would like to have you with us, but we are going to win anyway," the man on whom this policy was being tested would usually raise his eyebrows or say in reply, "Aw—rats!"

As a result Moore continued to gain. One by one and day by day the list of pledges and the

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tide of enthusiasm grew. Torresdale's popularity had won thirty-eight votes from Sage; Sterrin's efforts had pledged fourteen; Allerton had swung two more fraternities into line, and the personal canvass, with the work done outside the engineering courses and around Barnes, the library, and Morrill, showed substantial returns.

Among them was the sudden departure of the good-nature which had enabled both parties to laugh as they worked. A deep bitterness set in, born of the fierceness of the conflict. Men who had been the closest friends passed each other downtown or on the campus without a word of greeting. Disruption occurred in the banqueting clubs, unity was demolished, and the Senior Class of Cornell University became divided. As the fight grew warmer and election day nearer this most deplorable condition increased. It was at its climax on the day that Moody cut Torresdale dead in front of the Law School. Torresdale bit his lip, forgot all his philosophy, swore to himself that friendship was a poor thing at

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best and that Moody was a cad. This really began things.

Yet that night Torresdale sat sadly enough at his window and looked out upon the autumn moonlight. His scheme of possibilities had not included a break with Moody, and he had just begun to realize what his friendship meant. Viewed in the newer light, the game seemed scarcely worth the taper. He was too generous to harbor anger at Moody's action of the afternoon. It had been impulsive and under the stress of excitement; but it was, nevertheless, indicative of a changed condition of things, and when Torresdale thought of how great that change might be, his thoughts grew quiet. A college friendship, entered upon in front of the registrar's office in one's freshman days, and lasting through thick and thin to the year of one's graduation, is not a lightly sentimental affair; it goes deep and is worth more than most things. Torresdale thought of their formerly adjacent boards in freshman drawing and of their seats on the rear recitation bench in the five-

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hour math. section. He thought of their songs at Mike's and of their inseparability on the Glee Club trips; of the evenings before examination weeks and of the days afterwards. They had always worked together on everything until now. Moody had always whistled for him or called "Yea-a-Torry!" on his way up the campus, and they, a little apart from the rest of the "dinner-pail brigade," had always gone together, at the noon hour, to the banks of the upper gorge behind Sibley. They had even arranged to build a steam-engine together for their thesis. And now this could not be and it would all be ended! For the sake of a pitiful class honor there was to be an embittered past and a destroyed future. The class "honor" had not seemed pitiful at first—it did now. Moody could never be the same if Moore won, and deep in his heart he felt that Moore was to win. And he had to help! There was the newer bitterness. He was bound by all the ties of loyalty and honor to the party he had organized to do his best to win the victory; the question of cost might not now enter.

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A square away Moody happened to be tossing in bed and thinking many of the same thoughts, but Torresdale did not know it. Therefore both men, inextricably meshed in the nets of their own weaving, and bound to the battering down of the foundations of an enduring friendship, tumbled out of bed the next morning, made nine o'clocks, and went, heavy-hearted, on with their campaigns.

The steps of Morrill Hall, the sidewalks, the grass-plots, were thronged. Knots of sweated students—for the fall was growing chilly—were bunched here and there, talking in low tones and discussing the chances of the candidates. Over by the bulletin-board stood a group of apparently undecided voters, buttonholed and listening weakly to two stanch partisans of one of the parties. Out in the street bicycles flashed to and fro, and now and then a rattletrap cab discharged a belated voter. Over all hung an air of tense suppression. The polls were open.

Torresdale circled through the crowd busily.

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He was working with his conscience and against his will, but he felt that he was eliminating the personal equation. It was hard, and the half-formless, recurrent thought of ending everything with Moody was striking deeply in. But he smiled in the face of the guillotine and worked—worked as though he did not care; worked with every ounce there was in him.

Twice he passed Moody and each time greeted him heartily. Moody smiled but faintly in return, for rage and suspense possessed his soul, and there was a chilling, business-like definiteness in the manner in which his opponents' campaign was being ended.

The factions mingled indiscriminately, and each, with the force of words and numbers, wrangled over the still doubtful voter. Now and again one or the other, triumphant, seized a convert and edged with him towards the polls. Blake, who had organized the unprecedented bicycle corps and cab system, stood in the road checking over the lists of pledges and despatching messengers to those who were late. To

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those recalcitrants whom the messengers could not move he sent the cabs, for it was necessary that in one way or another the total vote should be polled.

In the basement of Morrill sat the Election Committee. In front of them stood a long tin box, with a slit in its cover. As a voter entered he gave his name, was looked up in the copies of the registrar's lists, and, if found a bona fide member of the class and not otherwise debarred, dropped his ballot in through the slit.

Now, finding a man a legitimate voter and being such are two far different matters. Consequently an Election Committee, with which rests the rejection or acceptance of any doubtful vote, is a power. In this instance the more astute of Moore's supporters had used judgment and a majority of the committee were solid. This advantage is reckoned in polling the strength of a party, if for no other reason than that of protection against political chicanery, and Torresdale knew it.

He knew also that his influence as the leader

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of the Moore party would suffice to accept or reject any vote in doubt. He knew that he would be tacitly called upon to decide, if occasion for a decision should arise. Ostensibly the committee was the court of last resort; in reality the power of honestly or dishonestly determining the victory lay to a comparatively large extent within the hollow of his palm.

He was not thinking, however, of this, as the men, now for his candidate, now against him, drifted one after another into the basement. There was but one thing to do. Every chord of his heart held him back and every principle of honor tugged him forward. He was not blinded by the contention. He saw the result of victory clearly, and he hoped with all his heart that it would pass him by. But between the two he chose the deep sea, and, having so chosen, Moore had no more useful supporter.

As he stood talking to Blake, Fulton and Sterrin came.

“Have you heard?” they asked. “We are estimated to be fifty-one behind.”

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"But Moore and his crowd have not shown up yet."

"They are coming," asserted Blake confidently. "As soon as Coyne voted his men I sent him down to hurry Moore up. He said—There! Who's that? There they come!"

Fulton looked intently down Central Avenue, shading his eyes.

"I believe you are right," he admitted.

"Right!" echoed Sterrin. "Just a little. Look at them!"

Moore was evidently sensible of dramatic effects. He had waited, confident of the consternation which the body of men at his back would carry. As they straggled on from the library, in a seemingly endless line, despair fell like the customary black pall over the hearts of Moody's adherents.

"Forty-eight!" cried Sterrin exultantly as the last man disappeared in the basement. "Ten more—only ten—and we've won. Have you any pledges left, Blake?"

"Fourteen."

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“And the co-eds.?”

“They have all voted,” said Torresdale, trying to grin. “They came in a body—early.”

Blake beckoned to five bicyclists and, running over his lists, gave them a few hurried directions. As they pedalled away in a cloud of dust, Torresdale whistled to one of the rattletrap cabs and turned to Fulton.

“Bug,” he said sharply, “we have just half an hour before the polls close. Get in and find Miller and Hall. Bring them back as quick as you can.”

Then he walked away. There was little else to be done, for almost the whole class had voted. And he felt less and less like talking as the decisive hour drew near. He crossed the road and sat down alone underneath a tree. Even the straggling in of two more Moody men failed to stir him, and it was not until Blake came anxiously again to him that he roused himself.

“The bicycle corps have rounded up eight,” said Blake.

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“With Miller and Hall that will give you—us—ten,” replied Torresdale wearily.

Blake failed to notice his tone. “But if the latest estimate is right,” he said nervously, “even ten will give us only a tie. And Fordyce is sending men everywhere to find Johnson and H. Lockwood. They have not voted yet.”

“It will be nip and tuck then,” said Torresdale, “because I happen to know that Johnson and Lockwood are due to leave for Geneva in fifteen minutes. They have a swing on up there to-night. But where are our other four? You had fourteen on your list.”

“Can’t find them,” said Blake savagely. “They are all Omega Chi’s, and you know how far that crowd can be relied on.”

Torresdale shrugged his shoulders and rose. “I think I’ll go over and see how the count really stands,” he said.

Blake hesitated. The suspense and his intense desire for success were casting an increasing shadow over his sense of fairness.

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"If one—only one—vote were cast out for illegality, it—we would win," he faltered.

Torresdale looked at him grimly. "And if one of ours were cast out they would win," he answered sharply as he went down the steps.

The Election Committee were idle. The box had been drawn beside the table and all preparations had been made for the final count. No vote had been cast for ten minutes—since Miller, Hall, and the other eight of Moore's tardy supporters had deposited their ballots—and but five more minutes were left before the closing of the polls. The room was quiet. On a recitation bench along one of its sides Moody and four of his lieutenants conversed guardedly. From the farther of the two windows Moore, Sterrin, Fulton, Coyne, and Allerton listened anxiously for the chimes of the new hour. Torresdale and Blake joined them in silence, but the former could not forbear the question.

"We are one ahead on the last count," replied Fulton in a low tone.

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Torresdale glanced quickly at Moody. Even as he looked, Moody rose uneasily and walked to the door. The men on the bench shuffled their feet nervously and watched the entrance. Evidently hope had not yet died. Fulton eyed their actions keenly. Suddenly he turned, and his eyes met Allerton's.

"Where's Fordyce?" he whispered.

Allerton whistled softly. The absence, at such a time, of the head of the opponent's party was significant. He looked at his watch.

"Three minutes," he announced.

"Third down and five yards to gain," said Torresdale in a strained voice. The watch ticked on loudly.

The men on the bench leaned forward, listening and holding their breath. From without, Moody gave a sudden, eager call. An instant later there came a sound of flying feet, a quick question, a little heart-breaking wait, and the proof of Fulton's convictions strode quickly into the room. His face was streaming with per-

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spiration and he was panting, but he advanced triumphantly upon the Election Committee. Fulton stepped excitedly forward.

"Gentlemen," said Fordyce, "I have here the proxies of D. L. Johnson and H. Lockwood, authorizing me to cast their votes for William K. Moody."

The two groups were on their feet and facing each other like a flash.

"I protest!" cut in Fulton.

"On what grounds?" snapped Fordyce.

"Precedent."

"Does the class constitution bar bona fide proxies?"

"They were rejected in last year's election, at your own protest."

Fordyce sneered. "But they won't be in this year's," he said. "In the absence of a constitutional provision proxies duly witnessed and attested will be accepted."

"I believe," said Blake angrily, "that the Election Committee is the judge in these matters."

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"If the Election Committee is honest it can do but one thing," replied Fordyce coolly, tossing the papers on the table.

The committee unlimbered its judicial mind and examined them doubtfully. Torresdale shivered. He knew that the decision was in his hands. He knew that every one else knew it; and on one side hung the anger engendered by Fordyce's arrogance and his unswerving loyalty to Moore; on the other swayed the thought of Moody. He looked up and caught Moody watching him. Then with an effort he thought he shut him from his heart, and, instead, thrust his ideas of fairness on the scales. The balance wavered. Deeply as he resented Fordyce's technical dishonesty, he knew that his position was right and just. Johnson and Lockwood had executed the proxies in good faith, they had been for Moody through thick and thin, and, had they been able, would have voted personally. In such a case, and in the absence of a constitutional prohibition, the votes were undoubtedly legal.

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He picked up the papers and studied them. They were perfectly regular. Then he looked appealingly at the group around him. The acceptance of the two votes meant the turning of victory to defeat, and he knew, by his own feelings, what defeat, after a battle against such overwhelming odds, meant to them. He wavered, and Blake caught at his coat-sleeve. Torresdale looked at him, and the words he had spoken just outside the room floated clearly through his mind. Then he stepped forward.

"I think there is no question about the legality of these votes," he said.

The committee stared and then recovered itself.

"Oh, no. I think they are good," echoed the man in the middle.

Blake sprang forward wrathfully. "I——" he began. But what he was to say remained unsaid, for with the second word came the first stroke of the bell in the library tower.

"The polls are closed," announced the committee.

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All but one of the leaders of the defeated party—beaten by the official vote of one hundred and forty-eight to one hundred and forty-seven—sat gloomily in Mike's. At a different table the victors held high revelry. They were singing, roaring, and at the end of every chorus twenty-odd steins hit the table with a crash of triumph.

Allerton looked over at them and swore softly.

"And if Torresdale had not been the most honest man in college we would have won," he said.

The others nodded—sorrowfully, but without an imputation of fault to the man who had lost their battle.

Up on the hill Torresdale looked again upon the autumn midnight. He had seen the sudden flash in Moody's eyes when he had spoken, and he knew that he had both lost and won. In the knowledge of that fact he laughed—nor came there to shadow his happiness one thought of the personal equation.

CHICAGO

THE HEAD MARSHAL OF THE UNI- VERSITY OF CHICAGO

BEFORE the game ended the busy sun had travelled so far westward that the shadow of the grand-stand lay over the whole diamond. Chicago had won in the eleventh inning. The enthusiasm, however, was repressed and decorous. A base-ball game fails to inspire in the spectators any such nervous eagerness as you see in November foot-ball, when young women will clutch total strangers by the arm and demand to know who has the ball; and the stranger, in spite of Western gallantry, will squirm heedlessly, intent on the struggle before him. "Pop" Claflin, who in return for some thousands of dollars a year instructed youths and maidens in sociological principles, and then frowned heavily when they put those principles into practice,—“Pop”

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continued to eat peanuts mechanically while he added up his score.

"Watch him," said young Darlington eagerly. "That's his third bag." Ada Langley nodded with some languor. She had studied under "Pop" while young Darlington was in the grades,—a fact that a number of the spectators commented on.

"There goes Ada with her last freshman," said one. "How does she catch them, I wonder?"

"Puts salt on their tails, I suppose," answered his friend. "How did she catch you, Buck? If I remember rightly, you used to be very steady in that quarter. It comes like the measles and teething."

The crowd moved out steadily and slowly. Nobody is in a hurry after a base-ball game. The spring is full of lazy suggestiveness; the sun invites to meditation and lagging steps. By the time young Darlington and Miss Langley had reached the stairs the diamond was quite deserted.

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“Who is that going down ahead of us?” asked Miss Langley suddenly,—“the tall man with the ’varsity cap on?”

Darlington craned his neck. “What, Blake?” he demanded, surprised. “Don’t you know him?”

“I thought it was he,” admitted Miss Langley. “But he seems to have changed a good deal, some way.”

“That’s Miss Norton with him,” Darlington informed her,—“his latest smit. He has it very bad, they say.”

“Who is she? She doesn’t seem very pretty to me.”

“She’s a Kansas City girl. Do you know the McRaes, here in Kenwood? Sort of a cousin of theirs, I believe, though she lives out here on the campus—in Beecher. Scotch, aren’t they? She’s only been here since the first of last January, but she’s made a dreadful tear.”

“I haven’t seen her at any of the dances,” said Miss Langley doubtfully.

“No; her mother thinks she’s too young or

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something. But she's old enough for Blake. They're round with each other all the time. One of the buttresses on the south end of Haskell we call 'Blake's Corner' because he's always there with her, watching the divinity students play tennis."

Miss Langley nodded again. She too—though she omitted to mention it—had sat in Blake's corner. She was a junior when he was a freshman, she remembered; or, rather, she knew—it was too present in her mind to call a recollection. Keen-faced, light-limbed, he had been even as a freshman. Now he was a junior. Of all Ada Langley's "affairs"—and the current report was that at one time she had kept a private stenographer to attend to her correspondence—she recalled that one with the greatest distinctness of detail.

"Norton?" she questioned. "What is it about her that made the 'tear'?"

"Oh, I don't know," young Darlington hesitated. "I don't see much in her. She seems pretty *young* to me—hasn't got anything to talk

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about, you know." Sweetly unconscious of the stab he had planted in the breast of Ada Langley, he pursued: "Funny how some men succeed, isn't it? Now, take that man Blake; he was president of the three-quarters club and made the 'varsity his freshman year; sings on the glee-club and plays on the dramatic club; he was chairman of the Prom. this year, and they say he's going to be head marshal. He's got about everything in sight, Blake." Miss Langley assented unconsciously; perhaps she was still thinking of Blake's corner.

Others spoke of Blake as they loitered out. Redda Trumbull, walking with his arm over Brierley's shoulder, looked after him and sighed.

"Tom," he said, "aren't you sorry for that man Blake?"

"Why?" asked Brierley wonderingly.

"Well," Redda admitted, "in some ways he's fortunate enough. He's got plenty of medals. But it always seems to me as though he'd started to run a mile and pumped himself on the first quarter. He surely did sprint there."

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“Well, that’s something,” returned Brierley. “Some fellows never even show.”

“I’d rather hit a decent pace and finish,” said Redda, “than lead for a while and then drop out—blow up. I never can get rid of the feeling that Blake has blown up. How many good friends has he got?”

“Mighty few, I guess,” Brierley conceded. “*I* wouldn’t trust him as far as I could throw a barn. But I guess his little friend there would.”

“What is it about him, Tom?” Redda insisted. “Nearly everybody feels it, someway. You admit that he’s clever and all that, but you don’t want to get close to him.”

Brierley hesitated a moment. “I guess,” he said finally, “if you called it selfishness you’d come close enough for all practical purposes. When you look out for number one you generally succeed well enough—for a while.”

Meantime Blake and Miss Norton loitered on the way to Beecher. He had been telling her of his hopes for the head-marshalship, while she listened gravely. She was a grave little thing

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at most times; even when she was most amused she smiled instead of laughing. But her hair was so light and straight she could not keep it decorously behind her ears, as she would have liked, and was forced to let it blow about and drift across her cheeks, and the disorder of it softened her gravity. She listened to Blake intently but seriously.

“Do you really want the head-marshalship very much, Mr. Blake?”

“Yes,” he answered, “I really want it very much.”

“Why do you care?”

Blake, taken a little aback, pondered. “Well,” he said, “the head-marshalship means about as much as any honor that a fellow can get here, and I’ve always taken the position that a fellow should try for honors. It means that he is popular and a good executive,—you know he has entire control of the details of the convocations,—and it means that he leaves well recommended by the President, and that is something to a poor man like me. If when I leave the University I

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leave it head marshal, I can almost certainly get a position somewhere — a position such as I should like, I mean. The office is a kind of official seal they put on you—‘these goods examined and approved,’ you know, like proof spirits or Armour’s hams.”

“Then, of course,” she replied, “I hope you will get it. I shouldn’t like you to be disappointed. But I hope you won’t feel very bad if you miss it.”

“Why do you think I shall miss it?” he wondered.

“Oh, I don’t. I only said *if* you did.”

He brooded over her words as he left her and strode across the quadrangle. So much of his time was brooding and day-dreaming now that he seldom found room for study. He confessed to himself with a sigh that the dreams were not all pleasant ones. He seemed to be losing his hold on affairs, and yet he could not tell why. Only a month before, in an election for councillor of his division, he had been defeated by Tom Brierley, a fellow he had always secretly

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despised. Brierley laughed when the result was announced, saying, "Have I actually beaten you out for something, Horace? That's a joke. That ought to be sent to *Life*." But the speech failed to soothe Blake's jangling nerves. In some moods he admitted to himself that he expected nothing but defeat now in whatever he attempted, though the admission always put him into a passion of self-analysis, searching for reasons. Sometimes he argued that the half-hearted support he received rose only from envy. A college is full of little men who go about, eyes close to the ground, examining all the idols for clay feet. Again he fancied it was he who was half-hearted, surfeited with his honors, tired of attracting attention; but he spurned the fancy with a bitter laugh. He knew better. He knew how he wanted the head-marshalship.

Seeing that it was dinner-time, he made his way to the fraternity house and took his place at the table. Gorringe, who was playing freeze-out, his left hand against his right, called to him from the next room,—

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“ Oh, Horace !”

“ What is it ?”

“ You cut Papa’s sociology to-day, didn’t you ?”

“ Yes ; did anything happen ?”

“ Much. Papa announced a paper to close the course with—three thousand words.”

“ Three thousand devils !”

“ Not exactly—though that’s undoubtedly a word. But he wants them sociological words, not theological.” Gorringer abandoned his game and came into the dining-room. “ Funny thing,” he said. “ When I play cards against myself I always cheat,—it seems as though I did it unconsciously,—and yet I think I’m honest enough with other people. I wonder if that wouldn’t do for a subject for Papa’s thesis: ‘ Honesty: Is it a Sociological or a Moral Attribute ?’ ”

“ What subject *did* he assign ?” demanded Blake.

“ Oh, he didn’t say ; just so it’s on the matter he’s covered in the course. Billy Baxter asked

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him if he might write on 'Love as a Civilizing Instinct,' and Papa said, 'Certainly, Mr. Baxter; all I insist is that the subject shall be thoroughly understood.' "

"When is the thesis due?"

"A month from Monday—that is the seventeenth of June. The thesis is the only examination Papa intends to give, he says."

"A month, eh? Well, I suppose I can knock him out something," meditated Blake. "Seems to me they're rather piling it on this quarter, though."

"Are you going down-town to-night, Horace?" asked Gorringer. "I've a spare ticket for Anna Held, if you care to come."

"Sorry, but I can't; I'm due elsewhere at eight. Give the lady my love."

"Pop" Claflin's thesis, thus announced, hung heavily on Blake's mind for some days. Perfectly conscious that he could achieve some distinction by it if he tried, and at the same time aware that if he meant to satisfy the finicky "Pop" and get credit for the course he must

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needs try, he determined to find a subject which should do his ability justice. He felt that to a considerable extent this thesis would help him or hinder in the effort for the head-marshalship. To fail would put him absolutely out of consideration, for no one could hold University honors if he were conditioned in any study. Such a failure was out of the question. But, on the other hand, a distinguished success, coming at just the right moment, as this would come, might assist his chances greatly. What chafed Blake was the fact that he could do nothing directly to help himself to the honor he wanted. If it were only an elective place! But the power to appoint lay wholly in the hands of the President, and Blake could hardly go to the President and urge his claims for the position. Through a member of the University Council, who occasionally remembered that they were both Chi Deltas, Blake knew that he was being considered by the President for the place. There his knowledge stopped.

“What should you think, Elsie, of sending

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the President a memorial setting out my qualifications, actual and potential?" he questioned, half seriously, as he lay staring up at the blue sky above the Wooded Island. "Oh, I'm in earnest," he added, as she smiled. "This suspense is killing me. Not that I care for myself, of course; but if the Prex should make a mistake, and the University go to the dogs in consequence, how should I feel if I thought I hadn't done everything possible?"

Many of these days of May and early June they spent together, Blake and Miss Norton, till he began to miss her if twenty-four hours went by and he had not seen her. She was so different, he thought—different from Ada Langley, for example, who had nicknamed him Buddy and helped him consider the question whether, after all, a sloe gin fizz is not a better appetizer than a vermouth cocktail. Miss Norton would not call him anything but Mr. Blake, though she answered readily enough to his Elsie. He did not talk to her of vermouth; he would not if he had thought of it, and he never did. She lis-

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tened to his questionings and speculations with her grave little smile, and when he asked her point-blank what she thought of this or that, answered with such earnestness and simplicity and sincerity that at first he was amused and then fascinated and then ashamed. When a man in the company of any girl feels his own unworthiness, he is at the beginning of love; when he feels his own superiority, he may be pleased at the moment, but afterwards he distrusts the girl. Blake did not know he was at the beginning of love. He had been interested in so many girls that he fancied he could never be more than interested in any.

It was Gorringe again who recalled to Blake the thesis in sociology. Papa Claflin's class met from two until three, and Blake was not often able to be present, especially since Papa had the idea that a roll-call was a nuisance and insulting to the intelligence of University men and women. Blake's resolutions slept, therefore, and it was not until Gorringe happened to say one night, "Only a week more of Papa's drool,

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thank God!" that they opened their eyes wide again.

"What day of the month is it that thesis is due, Gorry?" he asked casually.

"The seventeenth. To-day's the twelfth. How's 'Grabbing as a Fine Art' coming on?" That was Gorrings's suggestion for Blake's thesis. "You ought to know a whole lot on that point," he insisted. "As for me, I'm going to give him a whirl on 'The Results of Living According to the Rules Laid Down in the Beatitudes. Being a Personal Experience of the Author.'"

"Pretty well," Blake answered his question. But he swore as he walked to his room. Not a word of his thesis was written, and it was due in a week.

When he reached his room he lit the gas and then flung himself savagely upon his couch. The flame tittered and shivered, and the shadows wavered and trembled on the walls, till the pictures moved and smiled at him mockingly. There were many of them—framed photographs, some

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signed, usually in a flaring school-girl hand, and some staring out anonymously. They were all of girls—girls whom Blake had known once. Now and then the thought occurred to him that of all these girls hardly one called him friend now, and sometimes he laughed over that and sometimes he did not. So he looked at them now, but he got no help from them. For a long time he lay there thinking. At last he rose, and, hunting through his book-case, pulled out a thin volume in solid but faded binding. Taking it to his table, under the student lamp, he turned out the flickering gas again, eclipsing all the mocking smiles, and began to look the volume over. Presently he pushed it aside petulantly and seized a sheet of blank paper.

“Thesis for Advanced Sociology,” he wrote at the top, with the date. He chewed the top of his pencil. “On the Development of Centres of Commerce,” he added; then he reflected that he had used that before in a previous class. No other subject occurred to him, and he seemed unable to pin his thoughts to anything.

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“D——n it all!” he cried at last, “*I* don’t know what the class has been studying about. What’s the difference, anyway?” He pulled out the little volume and fell to studying it once more. Somebody knocked.

“Keep out, confound it!” shouted Blake, thrusting the book into a drawer. The door opened quickly and Gorringer entered.

“Hello, Horace. I won’t stay a minute if you’re busy. Just give me your ‘American Commonwealth,’ will you? Mine’s missing somewhere, and I’ve got to have one to-night to finish Papa off. How are you getting on?”

Blake shut his mouth; then he laughed. “I’m all done but the copying,” he said. Then, throwing the sheet into the waste-basket, he took up another and wrote at the top once more, “Thesis for Advanced Sociology. On Gambling as a Social Instinct. By Horace Blake.”

“When the dickens you get time to do so much work beats me,” quoth Gorringer, rising from the book-case.

Blake laughed again. “The result of sys-

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tem," he answered lightly. "Throw the catch as you go out, will you, Gorry? I don't want to be bothered for a while."

The speculation over the head-marshalship was brisk in the next week. Junior College Day, when the afternoon receptions in the quadrangles, after the dramatics and before the dance, give every one a chance to gossip and criticise—on Junior College Day it was generally agreed that Blake would get the appointment. It was said that Tom Brierley was also being considered by the President; and it was strange to hear the groups murmur hopefully, "Oh, is that so?" and then resignedly, "But I don't believe he has a chance." Now and then some girl in white or pink or blue, serving ices on behalf of Kelly Hall or Foster Hall or Green Hall, each of which, it is said on good authority, is the home of the prettiest young women in the University, would pronounce a final verdict.

"Well, *I* think"—and the listeners, if they were undergraduates, would listen respectfully, and if they were members of the faculty would

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smile amusedly, and then all begin to say at once what they thought. The sun fell so low that the pinnacle of Cobb sparkled black in front of it, like jet carefully carved; and all the west windows in Kelly and Green and Beecher seemed to be splashed with blood. When Blake and Miss Norton appeared, just after six, many of the guests had gone to dine and prepare for the dance, but the grass under the trees was still alive with them, eating busily and talking when they had time. Blake and Miss Norton walked past, and at Kelly Hall she turned in abruptly. He lifted his hat and bowed almost as if he were mocking her. Then he strode away.

“Horace Blake never could conceal his vanity,” said some one. “See how he carries himself because he fancies we are looking.”

“So we are,” added another somebody, a girl this time. “So we always do. We look at him and we think about him and we abuse him. From all of which I judge that he has reached a pinnacle of greatness.”

Presently the sun had slid so far down that

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Cobb was gray again, and the maids from the girls' dormitories began to carry in the tables; those few who had been asked to dine at the halls were led away looking as pleased as possible under the circumstances; and the quadrangles settled down to await the coming of the first carriage for the dance. The circle before the halls was thick with carriages when Blake arrived. The hall-doors opened now and then and two or four people—usually four—would come running down the steps, the lucky coachman would hold up his hand and drive away with his load, and the rest would settle down to wait again. When by edict of the authorities a dance commences at half-past eight, and by the same authorities' edict dinner is not served until half-past six, there is a good deal of hurry inside and of delay without. But they get away finally, and if she is popular, her card is filled, no matter how late she may be, and if she is not popular, the tardy arrival offers a good excuse to give herself for the blank dances, and so she is happier than she would be if she had no excuse

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at all. Blake and Miss Norton and Gorringe and some girl from Aurora, who was not remarkable in any way, except that her father was president of a corporation that Gorringe hoped to be interested in after he was graduated, reached the dance finally. The conversation in the carriage was confined to Gorringe and the girl from Aurora, who talked with easy stiffness about Art. The great trouble with that girl, Gorringe always said, was not that she talked about Art on the way to the dance, for that was quite right and proper, but that she insisted on talking about it on the way home, when it may have been proper enough but was chilly.

Blake and Miss Norton danced together several times, but always silently. As he looked down at her, so small and sweet, his ill-humor almost slipped away from him. But it was not until supper-time, when he secured a table for them alone, that he apologized for being rude in the afternoon.

“I am sorry,” he said penitently. “Elsie, I

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am awfully sorry. But if you knew how I'm knocked out, you might forgive me."

"Yes," she said, "if I knew, I might forgive you."

He shook his head. "Can't you do it on trust?" he pleaded. "There are all sorts of things—but I can't say what."

"I think perhaps I can do it on trust," she admitted finally. But still his face did not clear.

"I got a message from the President to-day," he said. "He wants to see me to-morrow."

"About the marshalship?"

"I don't know; he doesn't say; but I suppose it must be that."

Her face brightened. "That means the place goes to you, doesn't it?"

He nodded. "Unless he wants to see me about something else," he added moodily.

"What else could it be?"

"Well," he suggested, "it might be any one of my numerous misdeeds. But let us hope not." She smiled at him silently, and he broke into a laugh.

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“Look at young Darlington,” he said. “He’s qualifying for admission to the Silly Club.”

“I hope—I hope you get the marshalship,” she insisted. “It is the highest honor? Let me drink a toast—the honor to the honorable.” She smiled at him again. He pushed back his chair quickly.

“Come,” he said, “they are all going in.”

Blake slept very little after the dance was over. The dawn was in his room when he arrived, and the photographs were faded and pale. He drew down the curtains and went to bed, to consider a point that troubled him.

What did the President want of him? Was it the head-marshalship or — something else? His thesis had been in Claflin’s hands now for three days, but he had heard no word from it, and the responsibility weighed on him. If Claflin by any chance should have discovered—but in that case Claflin would deal with him directly, not through the President. This thought was uppermost in his mind; and yet he had an uneasy apprehension too. This apprehension an-

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noyed him. To be *caught* in unfair dealing was repugnant to every fibre of him. Yet the point that troubled him did not lie here: it was a point of conscience.

Horace Blake had lived at college very much as other men lived. He took the helps that came his way and was thankful; and although when he meditated he admitted to himself that a pure sentiment would condemn some of those helps, he excused himself on the ground that he was no Pharisee. Now he stood face to face with sentiment, and the condemnation disgusted him. He told himself once more that he was no Pharisee, and shut his eyes—perhaps to keep out the vision of a girl, with straight hair that would not stay in place, who smiled at him and said, “The honor to the honorable.” For he knew that he was not “the honorable.”

He saw the President that afternoon. The President was sturdy, though not tall; rather eager, almost inquisitive, in his look; alternately attentive and absent-minded. He motioned Blake to a chair; then he began to speak

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in a quick, bright voice, with a staccato intonation and a bird-like movement of his head.

“ You are a junior, Mr. Blake?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Ah!” The word was placid, contented—as though the President had feared to find himself mistaken. But presently he continued, and his words showed that he knew to whom he was speaking.

“ Yes, you have been here three years. You and I have not seen much of each other, Mr. Blake.” He paused and smiled. “ Well, perhaps it is as well, in one way. I don’t like to see the young men I am interested in here too often; and I have been interested in you.” He paused again and looked out of the window.

“ Yes, I have been interested in you. We have a great responsibility here—a great responsibility. We are on trial. The people are watching us—I can feel them watching me. Sometimes, when I should like to say something or do something, I stop and think—is this fair to the University? Am I doing this to the wel-

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fare of the University? And then, sometimes, I—don't do it."

He seemed to wait for Blake to speak, but the latter remained silent. The President meditated on—he seemed to be thinking aloud, as was his habit.

"So they watch us all—not in any hostile fashion, but very closely. They say, 'You must prove yourselves; you must quit yourselves like men.' And we are doing it." His eyes, large, noticeable, flashed; he nodded his head. "We are making our place. And when I see any one who works harder than the rest, who is keen for advancement, who holds up the flag, I am interested in him—interested. I want to reward him." He fell silent again.

"But first," he continued at last, "I ask myself, What is he doing this for? What are his motives? What are his ideals? Does he strive honorably? I ask, and I find out. And if he strives honorably—then, Mr. Blake, I believe in that man; I put my faith in him; I do for him all I can." The President wheeled from the

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window and fastened his eager look on Blake's face.

"And so I have seen you striving," he declared, "and so I determined to put my faith in you." He picked up from his desk a slender wand of ebony tipped with gold. "Here is the head marshal's wand," he said. "The man who receives this, receives into his charge the credit of the University. Not"—and he held up his hand,—“not that its possession carries any power. Indeed, it entails a certain amount of simple drudgery. You know the duties of the head marshal probably as well as I. But it is the highest appointive honor that the University has power to confer on an undergraduate. I give it to a man, and in doing so I say to the world, ‘Here is the sort of man we believe in. Here is the man whom we will have to represent us. Here is the man by whom you may judge us.’ Some days ago, Mr. Blake, I determined to give this wand to you.”

Blake rose, interrupting.

"Sir," he answered, and his voice wavered—

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“Sir—I——” He passed his tongue over his lips again and again. Then he said in a low voice,—

“I can’t take it.”

“Can’t?” The President’s eager look was full upon him now.

“No, sir. ‘The honor to the honorable’—I can’t take it. If—if everything were known, you would not give it to me.”

“Sit down.” The President half rose. “If what were known?”

“Some time ago,” said Blake miserably, “we were told by Professor Claflin to write a paper in Sociology. Credit for the course depended on it. I delayed in writing mine, and finally copied it from an old book I have—one I picked up in a little shop down-town. It was on ‘Gambling as a Social Instinct.’ I will get you the book.”

“Is this it?” asked the President softly, taking a thin volume from beneath a pile of papers. Blake started, but the President’s hand was on his knee gently. “Sit still. My boy, I could

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not believe that I had been *completely* mistaken in you."

Young Darlington, strolling with Miss Langley, full of the knowledge that he had emerged from his freshman year, made himself very entertaining over the convocation exercises as the sober procession filed by, gowned in black.

"Tom Brierley doing high steps in front," he remarked, "like the drum-major of the Undertaker's Band. If he knew how surprised people were that he got the head-marshalship, he wouldn't throw his feet so airily. Horace Blake ought to have had it, everybody knows. But nobody can tell what Prexy will do; he sits in his office and tries to think up schemes to make folks notice him."

THE END.

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